

# The TATLER

Vol. CXXII. No. 1587.

London, November 25, 1931

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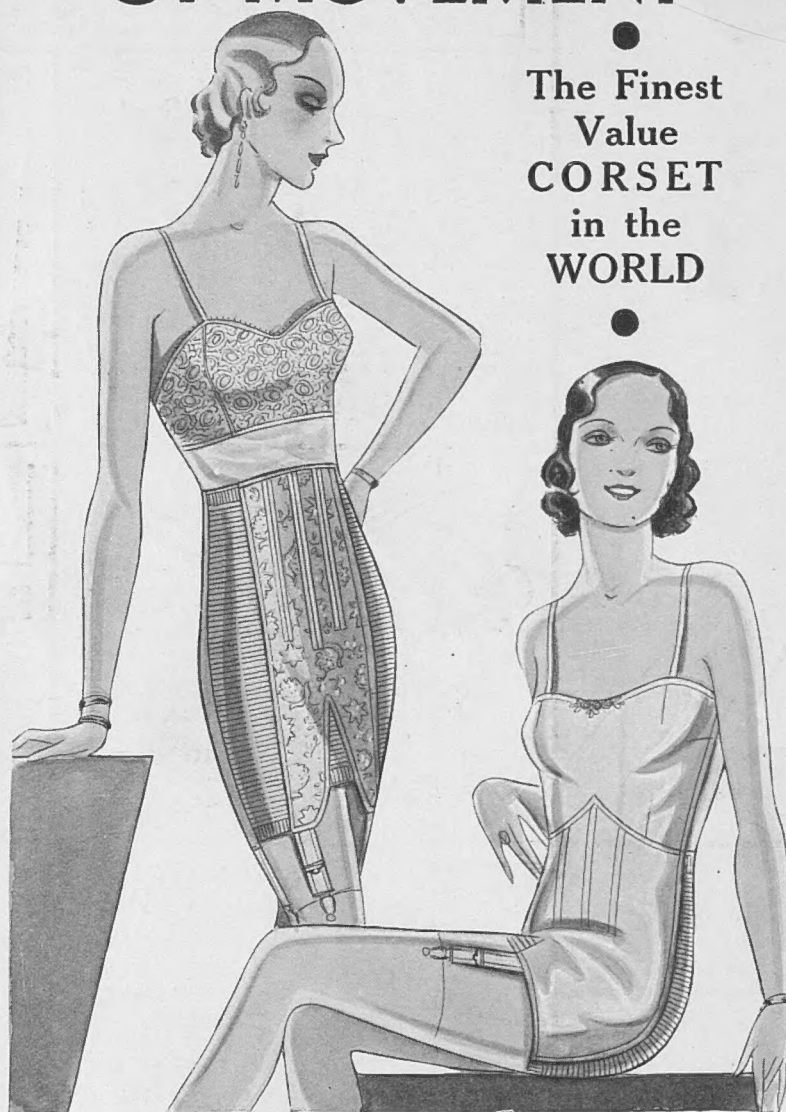
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Vol. CXXII. No. 1587. London, November 25, 1931

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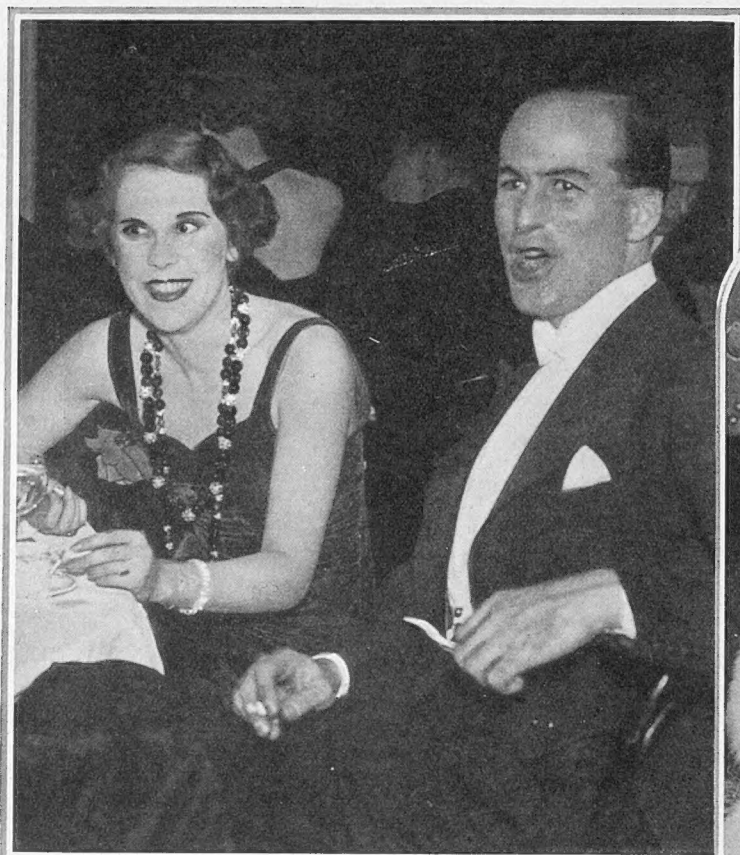
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## TWO HYDERABAD PRINCES WED IN NICE

Nice witnessed a quite unusual spectacle, even for a place which is not unaccustomed to pageantry, when the weddings of these two brother Princes of the Royal House of the Nizam of Hyderabad were married at the Palais Carabacel last week. The contracting parties were the Crown Prince Azam Jah of Hyderabad and the Princess Durai Shehvar, elder daughter of Abdul Medjid, former Caliph and ex-Sultan of Turkey, and Prince Azam's younger brother, Muazzam Jah, who married Princess Nilufar, great-niece of the late Sultan Murad V. The civil ceremony took place a week earlier. The ex-Caliph conducted the service, and the whole ceremony took only about eight minutes



AT THE HALLOWE'EN ICE CARNIVAL: LADY VERONICA BLACKWOOD AND MR. ANTONY HORNBY

The Hallowe'en Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House, though held a bit behind the date, was a big success. It was in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to be present. The Duchess of Sutherland was the chairman of the Carnival, and the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh vice-chairman. Lady Veronica Blackwood, a daughter of the late Lord Dufferin, and Mr. Antony Hornby are to be married on December 17



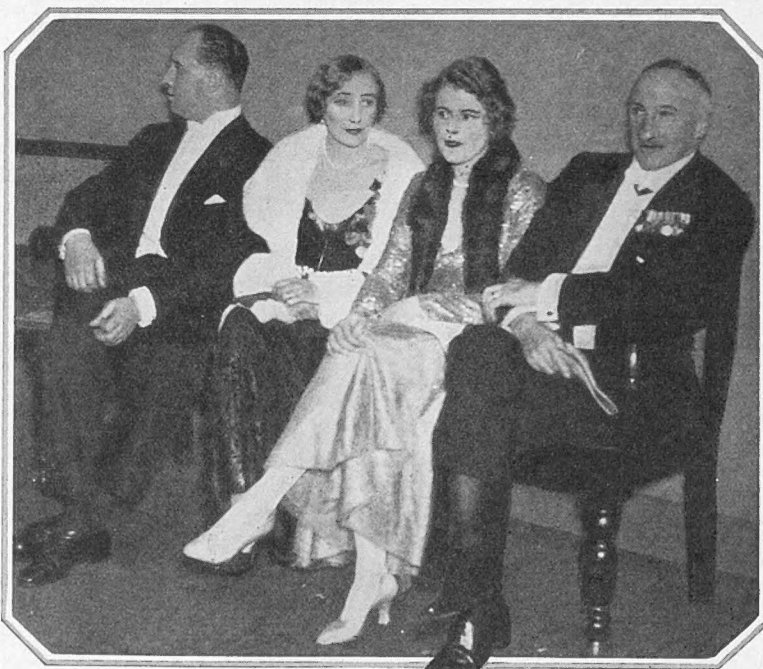
ALSO: LADY DIANA ABDY, MAJOR METCALFE, MR. COLIN DAVIDSON, AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE

AND what did *you* do in the Great Draw? How exciting it's been, and all is not yet lost or won. Too amusing watching people's expressions changing from eager optimism to crest-fallen disgust as they drew blank in list after list of lucky numbers.

I wonder how long it will be before the official mind takes a more rational view of this method of getting money for nothing. Perhaps now that our law makers are showing distinct signs of commonsense in other directions something will be done about it. After all, in last week's Royal Command from the air apparent (sorry) H.R.H. did urge the necessity for "considering for the public taste," didn't he?

What a splendid broadcasting voice the Prince has, and the fact that *he* launched the Buy British campaign has, of course, absolutely ensured its success.

\* \* \*  
"Music hath charms," etc.—you know the rest. The trouble



LORD BRECKNOCK, LADY CAMDEN, LADY BRECKNOCK, AND LORD CAMDEN

And yet some more who were at the Grosvenor House Ice Carnival. Lord Brecknock is Lord Camden's son, and his wife is the daughter of a very well-known ex-officer of the Rifle Brigade, Colonel Teddie Jenkins, who was in the same battalion as poor Fred Lawrence of steeple-chasing fame, and many another good fellow

Some more of the large section of Society which moved up in support of the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House. Lady Diana Abdy is the wife of Sir Robert Abdy and was formerly Lady Diana Bridgeman. Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe everyone, of course, knows

was, that *after* listening to the new Stravinsky violin concerto I felt rather more savage than before. Most unmodern of me, I'm sure, but I couldn't help enjoying the Haydn Sonata and Schubert Symphony far more.

These were all given at the last Courtauld-Sargent concert. Lady Jowitt looked lovely in red and seemed really to like the terrifying music aforementioned. The Bach Choir, of which Mrs. Aspinall Oglander is a member, sang the incredibly difficult Stravinsky Psalms; altogether musical fare of caviare standard. Mrs. Richard Guinness left early, saying in effect that half an hour of it was all her ears could absorb.

\* \* \*  
On to supper afterwards, not knowing that we were to witness quite a stirring little scene. Mrs. Philip Snowden was

sitting at Dr. Malcolm Sargent's table when a waiter unobtrusively brought a piece of paper, red-hot from "the tape." This was about Mr. Snowden's Viscounty, so the whole party rose and drank her health. There is no doubt of the esteem and admiration which our gallant ex-Chancellor has won.

\* \* \*

Miss Viola Tree's nightly turn at the Café de Paris has been a great draw. It is obvious, you know, that we are rather macabre. Knowing she had broken a rib when rehearsing her stage fall downstairs, a shudder, not unpleasant, went over us all at the critical moment. Of course, we didn't want her to hurt herself, but—

The night I was there the place was crowded. The Duke of Norfolk had a party, Lord Warwick being of it. Then there were Lady Ossory, Sir "Tim" Birkin, and the newest-engaged couple, Miss Yoskyl Pearson and Mr. Robin Gurdon. Naturally, they were the centre of attraction and congratulations.

\* \* \*

It isn't often that the great Sir Thomas Beecham allows himself to be lured out to dinner, but the other night he was at Boulestin's with Lady Cunard, Mr. Francis Toye, lovely Miss Mary Newcombe, and quite a big party, which included Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley.

The occasion was rather a sad one, it being in the nature of a farewell party to Lady George, who is off almost immediately

on a visit to her great friends, Lord and Lady Bessborough. She is taking with her a troupe of ballet artists, including Aubrey Hichens, who used to partner Pavlova, and they are

*The Man of Mayfair*, with Joan Barry. Follows an hour of ballets with Constant Lambert conducting. Later, the general company will dance on the stage (of the Carlton Theatre), and help themselves to amusing "eats" cooked by the committee there and then.

All sorts of entertaining people belong to this. Frinstance, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Mrs. Simon Rodney, Lady (Ian) Hamilton, Lady Milbanke, and Lady Esher (who lives a sort of double life, partly in Hill Street and partly at her lovely place, Watlington Park).

They were all at this meeting, so you can imagine the outlook was more than agreeable. Add to them Lady Douro, who is

going to sing on the night, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Miss Averil Streatfeild, and Mrs. Aly Mackintosh. She improved the shining hour by planning the social engagements of her young daughter aetat. two, who is already in tremendous demand.

All our prettiest marrieds are very maternal these days, and I overheard Mrs. Archie Campbell at a recent party discussing with another mother the best diet for a two-year-old. She was insisting that "kidneys, my dear! were both nourishing and sustaining!" Certainly her Colin does much to justify this peculiar diet!

\* \*

According to Irish report, Lady Veronica Blackwood's engagement has greatly intrigued her friends over there, they having fixed on quite another fiancé for her. My correspondent discreetly mentions no names but expresses such a feeling of compassion for resulting broken hearts that I can only imagine his own must be one of them.

(Continued overleaf)



AT LORD MELCHETT'S SHOOT: MRS. PHILLIPPI AND HER LOADER

This was the first shoot Lord Melchett has given since his father's death. It was over Woodfalls, Melchet Court, Romsey. Mrs. Phillippi's husband is well known in the polo world



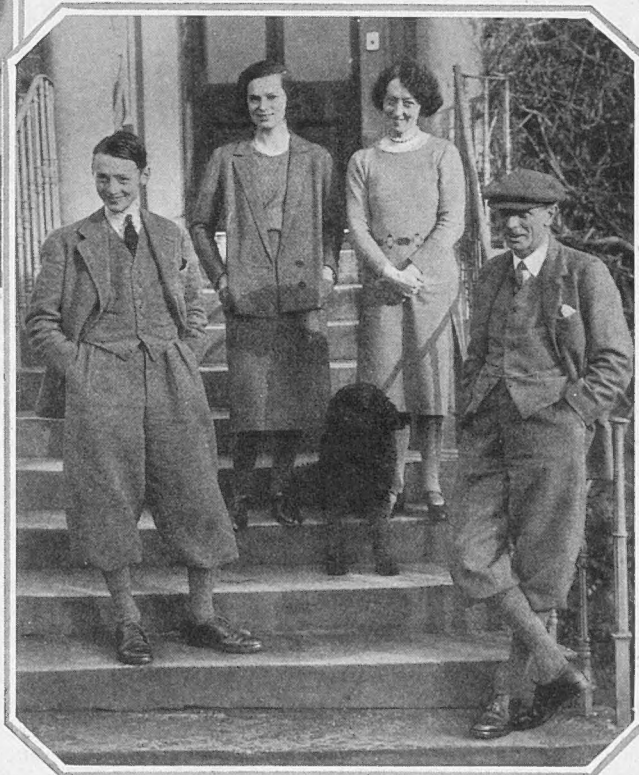
AT THE STAMFORD INFIRMARY BALL: LADY BURGHELEY AND MR. FRANK JACKSON

Lady Burghley was one of the patronesses of the Stamford, Lincolnshire, Infirmary Ball, which took place last week. Lady Burghley was Lady Mary Scott, and is a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lord Burghley is the Marquess of Exeter's very athletic heir

going to give the lucky Canadians some really lovely performances. You remember Lady George was Ina Pelly, who danced so divinely as "Water" in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*.

\* \* \*

Actually a committee meeting, I suppose, but the gathering at Lady Cunard's last Wednesday afternoon was much more like a proper party. The subject under discussion was Queen Charlotte's Midnight Ballet and all sorts of exciting plans were made. December 15 is the date, and it's not going to be at all an ordinary "in aid of." First, the Prince of Wales and Prince George have promised to be there. Then there is the *première* of Jack Buchanan's new talkie,



AT KELSO: MR. J. C. AND LADY ISOBEL HEPBURNE-SCOTT AND MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL SCOTT

This group was taken on the morning after the ball Mr. J. C. and Lady Isobel Hepburne-Scott gave at the Town Hall, Kelso, for the benefit of their friends who were unable to be present at their son Michael's wedding to Miss Betty Collier, which took place at the end of October. Mr. J. C. Hepburne-Scott is a kinsman of Lord Polwarth, and Lady Isobel is a daughter of the 9th Marquess of Lothian

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Miss Maeve Kennedy is another future bride, and she, too, sprang a surprise, at any rate on her family, I understand. The general opinion is that the young man of her choice deserves every congratulation on winning such a prize.

I hear that a very good "cap" was the result of the Poppy Day meet of the Meath, at Moyglare, and everyone was so glad that Captain "Johnnie" Tuthill was well enough to be able to watch proceedings from the doorstep. Quite a lot of people turned up, among them a good many strangers. Miss Honor Hamilton hardly comes into this category, for she was the owner of that lovely old place, Luttrellstown, before it was sold to the Brinsley Plunkets. She is at present staying with relations in Meath, and has a friend with her, Miss Forrest, whose first experience of hunting in Ireland has more than fulfilled her great expectations.

Lady HolmPatrick managed to get out, too, in spite of pending theatricals which have given her any amount of work. The charity concerned is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, and three plays are being presented, one of which she has written herself. The fact that Lady Weldon and Mrs. Geoffrey Gilpin are in the cast points to its being a good show.

Lady Dunsany was at Moyglare on foot, and had a large escort of young men, among them being her son, her nephew, Mr. Pakenham (who got married to Miss Elizabeth Harman early this month), and Lord Powerscourt's son, Mr. "Pat" Wingfield, now home on leave. Unfortunately the day ended disastrously for poor Mrs. Connell, who took a bad fall and broke her wrist, a most painful injury.

The Limerick seem to be having very good fun, and it's a pity Mr. and Mrs. Atty Persse haven't been there to enjoy it. They don't go over till next month as there's still this flat-racing business to attend to. Lady Maureen Brabazon will be a total loss for some time, as she and Lady Meath are going to Cairo for the winter, but she hopes to be back before the hunting season finishes.

The three great hits at the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House were—at any rate in my opinion—Princess George Imeretinsky skating in a red crinoline and huge red hat (she staged two groups of mobile beauties for our entertainment), Miss Vivi-Ann Hulten's Swedish grace in a Peter Pan-ish dance, and a juvenile impersonator of Charlie Chaplin, who convulsed everyone, even the original.

It was a grand evening, and must have made a mint of money for the Royal Northern Hospital. One method of picking pockets—a sheet which toured the rink inviting cash contributions—was particularly profitable.

The Prince of Wales came on from a regimental dinner. H.R.H. sat at the Duchess of Sutherland's large table, where were also to be found the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Milbankes, Lord and Lady Wodehouse (I wondered if she felt cold), and Lady Abingdon, extra charming in white.

Mrs. Piers Legh, who was second in command to the Duchess of Sutherland in running the affair, had a big party nearby, and Lady Maud Carnegie and Lord Carnegie, Brenda Lady Dufferin, and the Camdens were further hosts. Does one announcement sometimes lead to another? said she at random.

General Dawes and Count Bernstorff thought it all lots of fun. The male Ward twins, looking very twinnish, seemed to be sharing Mrs. Peter Thursby for the evening, and Lord Waleran was being congratulated or cursed (according to the mentality of the friend concerned) on his good news from Dublin. "Go away, it makes me sick," said one disgruntled damsel.

By the way, I hear that Mrs. Kenneth Wilson's maid at Cannizaro has been inundated with proposals of every kind as the result of drawing Argonaute. The telephone is red hot from constant ringing.

Fog looked like spoiling the South Notts Hunter Trials at Ramsdale Park on Thursday, but the sun won through just in time. Not quite such masses of supporters as were expected; however, the Seely clan did its best for us. I wonder if it was by accident or design that Mrs. James Seely's red and orange scarf matched her make-up.

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey was not having a dart for once, but Mrs. Edward Greenall was, and did awfully well, annexing two prizes. Miss Bissill, on a clever skewbald, got top marks in the Ladies' class, and Mrs. Edward Hoos, Lord Brownlow's sister, who was also riding side saddle, ought to have won a special award for neatness.

Lots of judges, of course. Lord Charles Bentinck was one, and yards and yards of Major John Hole another. The latter's natural elevation came in most useful, as he seemed to be able to view the whole course at once. Good fun.

Realizing I hadn't been to Nash's just lately (a regrettable admission and omission) I looked in there the other evening to hear the latest cocktail time news. Found the club very full, and Bill Walker and Iris Ashley singing some amusing new numbers.

Fred Thompson, the playwright, was there with George Grossmith. Also "Scrap" Thistlethwaite and his pretty wife. Mr. Thistlethwaite used, if you remember, to drive racing Bentleys at incredible speed, and he married Miss Eileen Berry, who

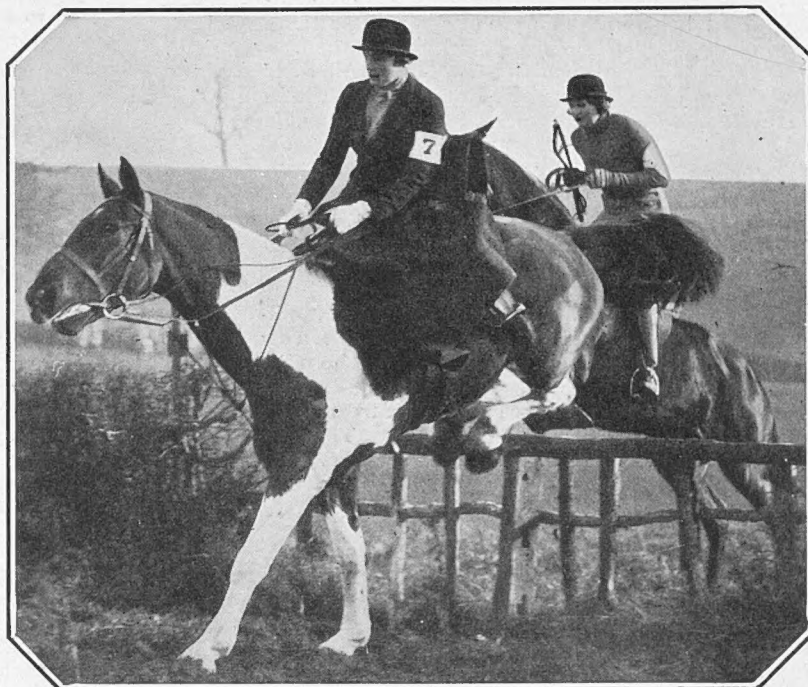
has, or had, her own pack of hounds in South Wales. They were in great form, but there's something about Nash's Club that puts you in a good-temper. Dinner there certainly has this effect, and (so important in these days) you don't get a shock with the bill.

Isn't it extraordinary how 'opeless and 'elpless some people become when routine is in any way upset. Take this plan of staying at home instead of jaunting abroad; you'd think England was one vast Wigan the way some of them talk. It will do them all the good in the world to explore their own country for a change and find out their mistake.

Do you know Birchington, for instance? I didn't till last week, and I must say I am entranced with it. We had sun all day, grand air, golf at Sandwich, and further strenuous exercise at the Beresford Hotel. This used to be Lord Decies country house, and staying there one has a good excuse for feeling at sea in the proper nautical sense, so near is it to the water's edge.

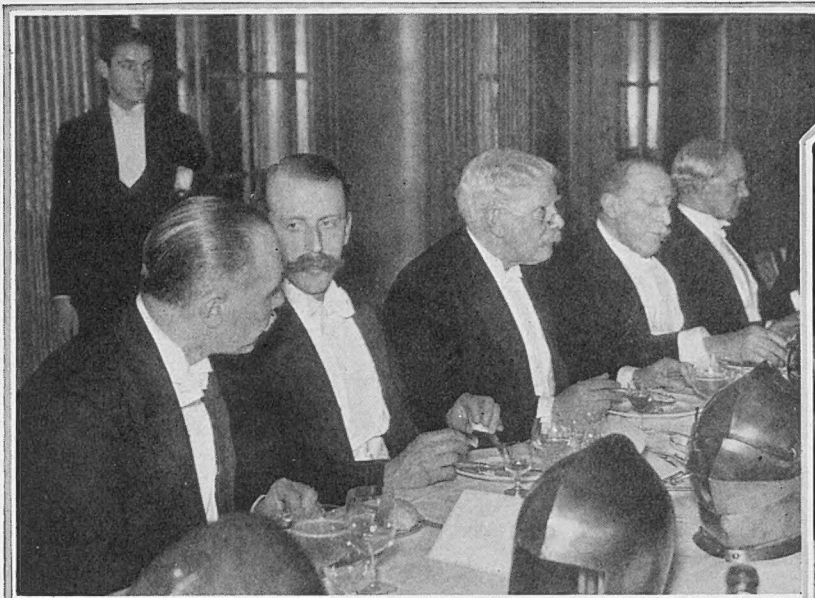
Birchington has other claims to distinction. Frederick Lonsdale was living there when he woke up one morning to find himself famous; Betty Balfour goes to stay; Mr. Tommy Graves thinks a lot of it, and he's no half-wit, is he?

One will soon be able to arrive by air, as landing places are being devised, but should you deign to travel there by a less-exalted method you'll find that this particular home-made beauty spot can hold its own with foreign rivals.—Yours, EVE.



MISS D. BISSILL AND MISS FARR AT THE S. NOTTS HUNTER TRIALS  
"Tommy," the clever old steed which Miss Bissill rode, won in the Ladies' Class at the hunter trials at Ramsdale Park, near Arnold, and he looks as if he deserved to, as the approach to this bit of timber is up-hill and it seems strong enough to make any liberty quite unwise

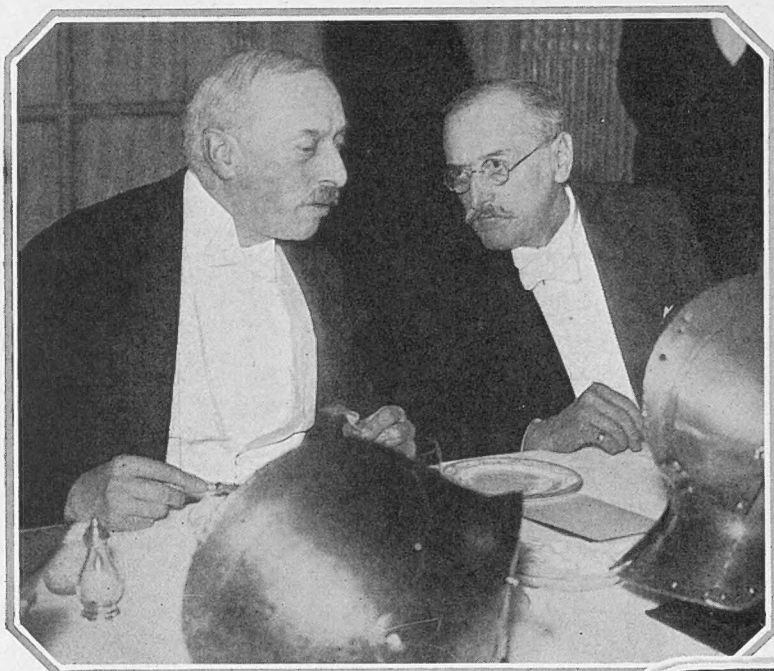
## THE MEYRICK SOCIETY ARMOURERS' DINNER



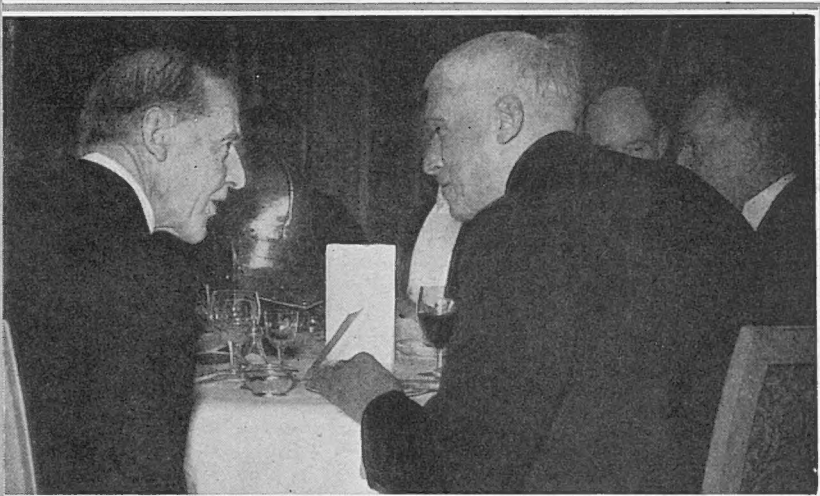
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LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN AND MR. F. H. CRIPPS (VICE-PRESIDENT)

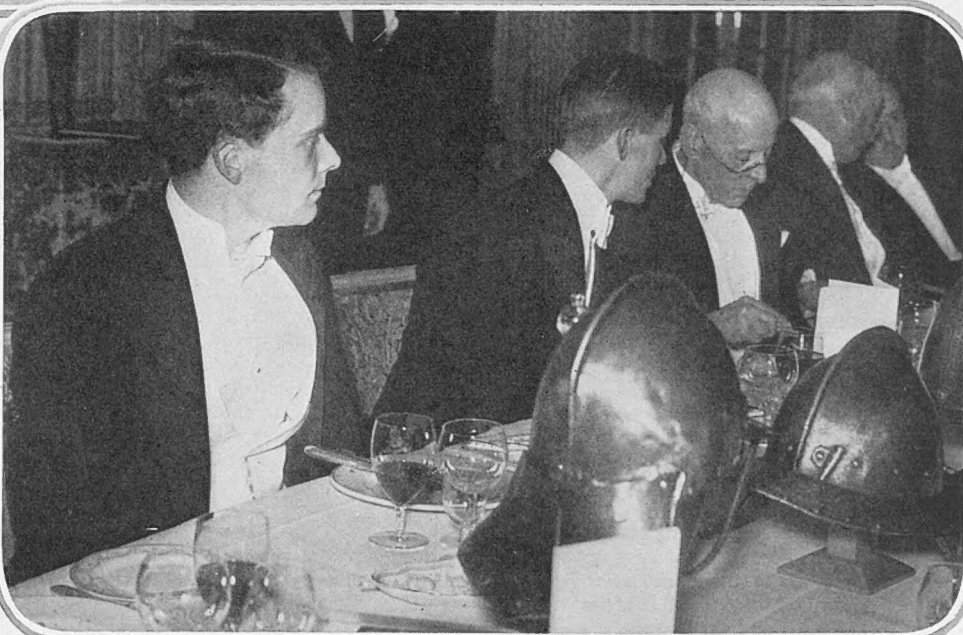


THE MARQUESS OF AILESBUURY AND SIR EDWARD BARRY (PRESIDENT)



THE REV. L. S. WESTALL AND MR. A. F. ROWE (HON. SEC.)

The Meyrick Society Dinner at the Carlton Hotel was held upon a most appropriate site because it adjoins that of the Old Gothic Hall, where the oldest known exhibition of armour was held. The President (Sir Edward Barry), in a very interesting speech, made reference to this fact when he said that the catalogues of the Gothic Hall refer to it alternatively as in the Haymarket, in Pall Mall, and in Opera House Colonnade; and as the Carlton Hotel is bounded on three sides by these three thoroughfares, it must be almost exactly on the spot where that assembly of armour, the debris of the wars of the Revolution, was brought together by the enterprise of Mr. Gwennap. The Meyrick Society is the oldest armourers' club in the world, and was founded in 1890 in order to give collectors a meeting ground. Exhibits at the dinner included helmets showing developments from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, one of the rarest and most sought after being the pig-faced bascinet of the fourteenth century. The society was presented with their Loving Cup by Sir Guy Laking, the King's Armourer



MR. C. C. OMAN, MR. NORMAN HAY, AND COMMANDER C. E. EVANS, R.N.V.R.

Photographs by Sasha

# The Cinema : Two Films

By JAMES AGATE

OUTSIDE the London Pavilion is one of the places where one would least desire to loiter, though the blaze of film criticism outside the London Pavilion at once provides temptation and excuse. Mr. Baughan provides the longest screed, being moved thereto by the film entitled *Men Like These*, which appears to have moved him exceedingly. Normally whatever moves Mr. Baughan moves me, for in comparison with that staid mentor I am gushful as a schoolgirl. How comes it then that this film, for which Mr. Baughan could hardly find sufficient words, completely failed to move me? Yet I remember a play, afterwards made into a film, on the same subject which moved me exceedingly. This was called, if I remember rightly, *The Admiralty Regrets*. I think the reason is that the present film is too avowedly instructional. I was never for a moment illuded into the belief that I was present at some real tragedy of the sea. It is some days since I saw the film, and I am under the impression that in an early part of it some account is given to the audience of the latest means for rescuing men entombed in a submarine, with the explanation that the air in the chamber in which the men are imprisoned must be brought to the same pressure as that of the sea so as to make escape possible. One was not invited to take any personal interest in the men who, as far as we were concerned, had no individual history or characteristics, and one was aware from the start that the whole thing was a demonstration taking place with the kind co-operation of the Admiralty. In other words, one knew that every Jack on board was going to come through the ordeal. One realized that this ordeal had not been without danger and that the brave fellows taking part in it had run certain risks, but one also felt that the danger and the risks were those attendant upon a demonstration and not real, as we understand reality within the convention of fiction. Let me illustrate what I mean by supposing that Mr. Douglas Fairbanks as Quintilius Superbus jumps from the top of the "Colosseum" into the Tiber. It requires very little reflection to show us that there are two risks here. One is that of Quintilius imperilling himself eighteen hundred years ago. The other is that of Mr. Fairbanks or his dummy taking this leap at Hollywood some six months ago. In my view the risks taken by the sailors in *Men Like These* belong to the second order. Or you might have a film in which firemen leap from a ten-story building encumbered with widows and orphans, which would produce quite another effect from an instructional film sponsored by the London Fire Brigade, showing how their heroes would behave when the occasion arose. The leap would still be there but without the dramatic necessity. In *Men Like These* the heroism is there, but it is called forth not by actual circumstance but by the fact that it is advisable that we should be made aware of the possibility of such occasions. We expected the submarine to be rammed, and we know the steps which would have to be taken for rescue because we had been told to expect both, the result being that I personally was entirely unmoved. I admit, however, that none of my colleagues agrees with me in this, whereby it is possible that I am wrong, in which case I shall frankly chortle. *I am so tired of being right!* People often say to me: "You write beautifully, of course. But then

you're always wrong!" To which I invariably reply that I have never mastered the first thing about writing, but that I haven't been wrong about a film since 1917. Mr. Baughan at the end of his article makes the astonishing statement that war should not be allowed to make such demands upon men like these. But surely that is what war is for, or rather it is war's only excuse, provided that the demands are made upon somebody else and not oneself, which I agree would be extremely unpleasant. If Mr. Baughan desires to abolish the use of the submarine in war I am with him. I will also consent to the abolition of the aeroplane, poison-gas, and any kind of gun-fire! If Mr. Baughan would like to go back to the bow and arrow I am still with him, for I should never be tempted to imitate King Harold and should prefer, like the modern soldier, to keep my eye down.

*Riders of the Purple Sage*, by Zane Grey, at the Capitol begins with one of those topographical quandaries with which the Middle West of America must be becoming excessively familiar. It appears that certain land belonging to a very bad man is completely useless unless to it can be added some neighbouring land belonging to a very good girl without father or mother to protect her. America has been in existence like most other countries for some thousands of years, and it seems remarkable, to say the least of it, that the disability of the bad man's land should not have been discovered till the film was ready to begin. But that is by the way. This film begins with a troop of horsemen descending a steep hill of apparently one in two. Now there was once a traveller who asked an Irish road-mender which was the way to Limerick. The road-mender straightened himself, scratched his head, deliberated, spat, deliberated again, and said finally: "If it was meself that was goin' to Limerick, it's nhot from this place oi'd be sthartin' at all!" Why, in Western films, a cavalcade desiring to proceed up a valley should start from the top of a neighbouring precipice is one of those things which lend the film world its magic. Presently a lowing herd winds madly o'er the lea, or, as Ethel Monticue might say, cows flash past the camera. I compute 500 of them, which the hero, in his "tranquil consciousness of an effortless superiority," turns back single-handed. For reasons best known to the author, he then repairs with the orphan and a platinum



STICKIN' TO IT IN "SPORTING BLOOD"

Madge Evans and Lew Cody in a rather busy moment in the new M.G.M. film which has come to the Empire, Leicester Square. Miss Madge Evans, although she is only twenty-two, is almost a veteran, as she made her debut as a child in 1919. Lew Cody is of French descent, and was intended originally to be a doctor; then he discovered that they wanted him for villains' parts on the film. Since then he has taken to playing quite young men

blonde of two, parentage unknown, to an eyrie in the Dolomites, where, being pursued by some two-score ruffians, he annihilates them as they swarm up a narrow pass by dislodging a small Dolomite and sending it toppling on top of them, incidentally depriving himself and party of any way down. But this does not matter very much owing to a pink light from the setting sun. Nothing shall ever prevent me from adoring these films. I love to see horses galloped for miles together under a blazing sun and arriving at somebody's hacienda without speck of lather or a hair turned, and I am excessively annoyed when somebody tells me that the shots at the hacienda were taken weeks afterwards with the horses freshly brought out of stable. I am equally annoyed when somebody points out the improbability of tearing a two-year-old babe from the clutches of sixty ruffians without any ruffling of those platinum curls or interruption of that dimpled smile. I regard these Western films as being made by extremely clever men for the stupider children—that is the grown-up sort. And I enjoyed this one almost as much as the horses taking part in it.

# ALMOST THE LAST OF THE FLAT RACING SEASON

## Leicester and Derby



AT LEICESTER: SIR KEITH AND LADY DOROTHY FRASER WITH F. RICKABY



MRS. CLAYTON AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK



MRS. VICTOR GILPIN, THE HON. MRS. DUBERLY, AND MAJOR STAPLETON-BRETHERTON



AT DERBY: MRS. FOSTER, MR. BRISCOE, AND THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET



MR. AND MRS. JOHN GRETTON OVER FROM STAPLEFORD



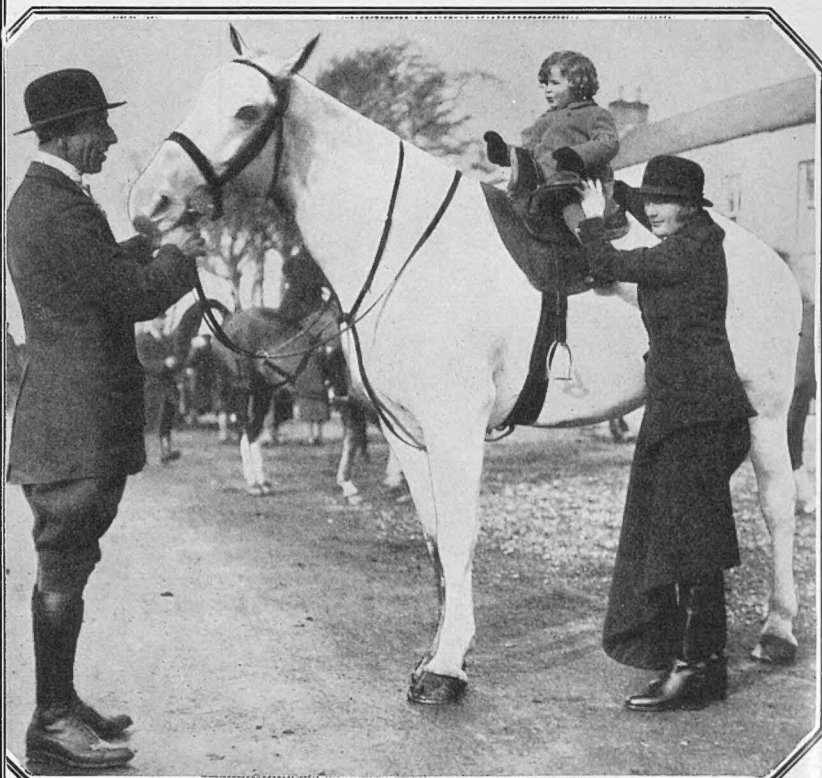
MISS DIANA PUCKLE HAS A WORD WITH MICHAEL BEARY

Two Midland meetings, to wit Leicester and Derby, occupied race-goers last week. The opening day at Leicester, while providing no contests of particular importance, attracted several noted "turfites," among them Sir Keith and Lady Dorothy Fraser, Mrs. Clayton, and Mrs. Victor Gilpin. Sir Keith Fraser's stable was represented by What Joy and Glasbheinn (both ridden by F. Rickaby), while the Duke of Norfolk came to see Young Lavinia run in the Oadby Nursery. Unfortunately his filly, which some people fancied, was more or less left at the gate. At Derby, where the three bottom pictures were taken, early rain considerably reduced the attendance, and those visitors who did put in an appearance found it difficult to get a good view of what was toward. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, whose sister was recently married to Sir Adrian Baillie, won the opening event with Kenwyn, trained by A. B. Briscoe. Mrs. John Gretton was formerly Miss Elizabeth Loeffler

## AT THE CURRAGH AND AT CLARIDGE'S



WITH THE KILDARE: MRS. MITCHELL, THE HON. LADY McCALMONT, AND MAJOR C. MITCHELL, JOINT MASTER  
*Photo, Dublin*



HIS FIRST LEG-UP: TIMOTHY BURRELL AND MRS. PETER BURRELL.  
HIS MOTHER, WITH THE KILDARE  
*Photo, Dublin*



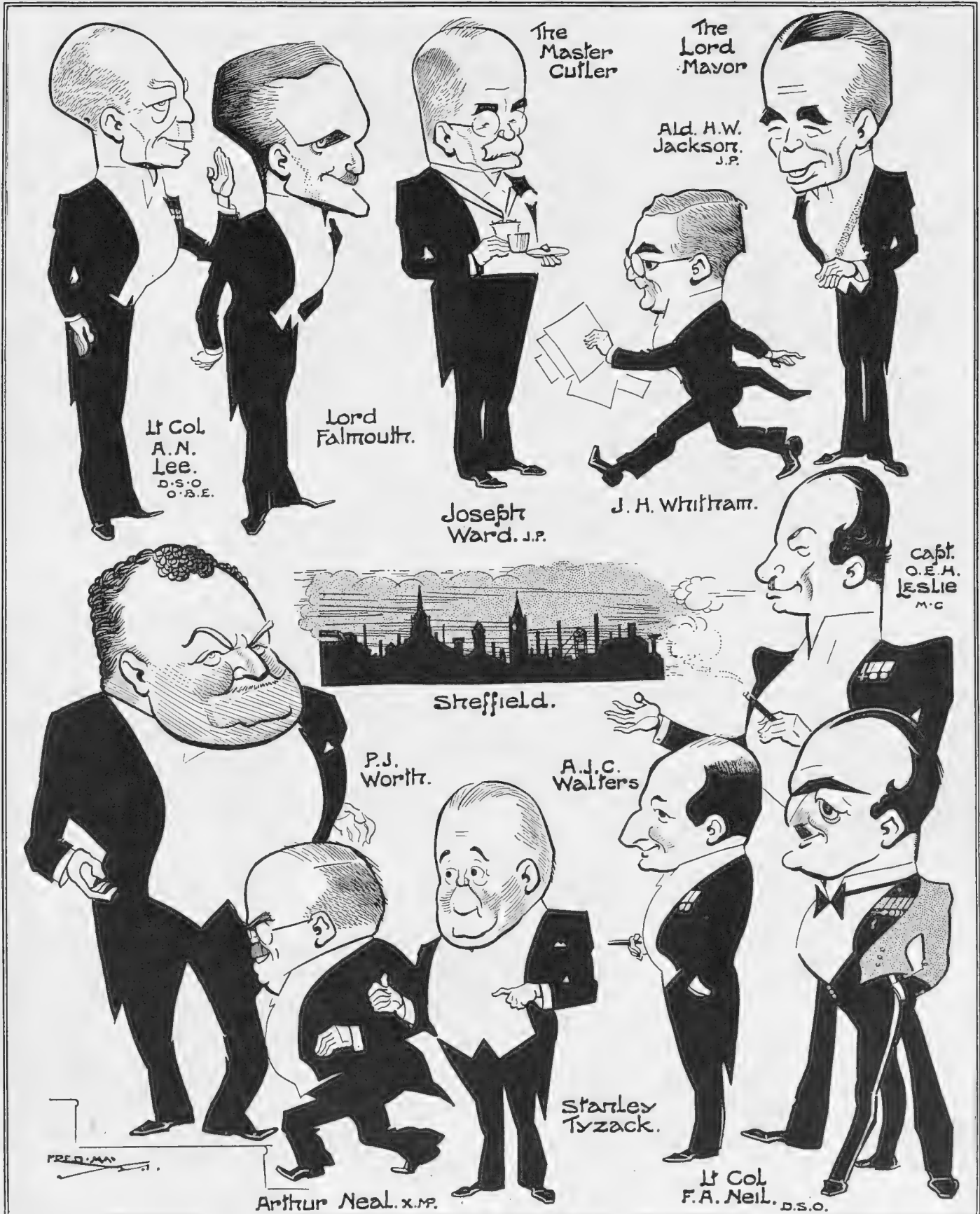
THE PORCELAIN BALLET: MISS LILIAN PAYNE, THE HON. JOANNA DOUGLAS, AND MISS JEAN HAY (THE WORCESTER GROUP)



MISS JOY LYON (PATRICIA), LADY ANNE WELLESLEY (MARGER) IN THE DOULTON GROUP

The two Kildare pictures were taken when that famous pack met at The Curragh, which looks a bit different from what it did when they had nearly as many "sojers" there as they have at Aldershot, and the Horse, Foot, and Dragoons used to swell the fields with the Kildares, the Meath, and the Ward. The Hon. Lady McCalmont is the mother of Major Dermot McCalmont, who does the Kilkenny so well and shows such excellent fun. Major Mitchell's Joint Master is Sir Francis Brooke. Mr. Peter Burrell, whose son is having his first ride, is Sir Merrik Burrell's younger son. The Porcelain Ballet, which took place in the new ball-room at Claridge's on November 24, was in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund for the extension of maternity services, a cause which Mrs. Stanley Baldwin has much at heart and of which she is the chairwoman

# THEY "COOM FRA' SHEFFIELD" !



## AT THE 303RD SHEFFIELD CUTLERS' FEAST—BY FRED MAY

The great Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire in the County of York was incorporated in the year 1624—that is to say in the year when the inglorious reign of James I ended and Charles I, the Martyr, came to the throne; so that the foundation is a very ancient one, and has in its archives a story or two which must link up with many things which have had anything to do with steel. The story of the swords alone might be worth writing, if only some people with the necessary diligence and literary flair tackled it, and as to the head-pieces upon which those swords were wont to ring they would give material for an epic in themselves. At this Feast—it has never been called a Dinner nor even a Banquet—the Master Cutler, Mr. Joseph Ward, was in the chair, and he was supported by Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Neale Lee, the Senior Warden. Lord Falmouth, who was amongst the many celebrities present, is a Director of the English Steel Corporation and descends from Le Despencer, 1264



CAPTAIN J. DE VERE LODER, M.P.

The author of a book with a punch, "Bolshevism in Perspective" (George Allen and Unwin). This author knows what he is talking about and knows how to put it on paper—and he has done it remarkably well. Captain Loder, who is an Old Etonian, served in Palestine, Gallipoli, and Egypt, and is the present Member for Lewes. His other publications have been "The Truth about Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine" (1923), "Industry and the State" (1927). "Bolshevism in Perspective" is a level-headed account of the Bolshevik Revolution and Soviet Russia

but alas! I must confess that in those days youth was only given one to be suppressed. Wisdom seemed to start in the middle thirties, and increased perceptibly until towards seventy a man was less a man than an oracle. Only one thing emerges, and this is the infinitely more dramatic aspect of everyday life in those days. And how modern young people will disbelieve this. Remembering the excitement of flying round the world, of wireless marvels, of 60-h.p. racing cars, to say nothing of the gangster talkies by which the youth of Little Puddleton can nowadays see "life" almost before he can talk himself. And yet far more dramatic was the Everyday a good many years ago. It is not the number of pleasures but the rarity of them which makes for a really satisfactory kind of joy. Long ago, to drive to a garden party was to participate in an "event." A dance was not something to be taken between soup and fish, but a treat to look forward to and back upon, since romance might be born in the middle of a polka or die in the conservatory. Even drawing-rooms were a kind of museum, reflecting the inmates and their lives, and not something between an upholstered lavatory and a geometrical design. True, we could cross the road without much danger; but oh, the risk we ran if we were seen dining alone with a married woman! True, again, we should not run the risk of going to court if we sold a fresh egg after eight o'clock, but a divorce in the family lowered that family's flag to half-mast for a generation. Ladies did not bare their backs (any sort of back, alas!) to be well-dressed, but one fat female's calf exhibited unconsciously up to the knee provided conversation for weeks. Moreover, we took politics so seriously then that to be a Radical—although Radicalism in those days would be considered the last ditch of a die-hard Conservatism in these—was to be something socially leprous. Lost causes did not seem to get lost as they do to-day, but created as great a stir as a wasp in a Turkish bath. Enjoyment is always a relative term and often lies in direct ratio to the things which we are not supposed to enjoy. To-day, when to leave undone those things which we ought not to have done finds us in the midst of a huge and self-satisfied majority, there is not much thrill in doing anything. Metaphorically speaking, the heart-beats scarcely increase unless we are breaking the non-stop record in a flight to the moon. We used to find peace in a garden. To-morrow we shall have to seek it ten thousand

### A Good Many Years Ago.

THE eighty-nineties are no longer the *démodé* period they once were. In fact they are definitely fashionable. We older people apparently lived through Paradise, and didn't know it! Which, perhaps, is always one of the exasperating aspects of Paradise here on earth. Nevertheless, with this present-day yearning tenderness towards the days when grandma asserts that she was the belle of the ball, there is tagged on to it inevitably the prosaic fact that income-tax was under sixpence in the pound then. And yet grandpa, like us, felt ruination in his bones. Often I try to remember the period,

feet above the earth's surface. Even our more successful plays have to go round and round. And so I come to Mr. Alan Bott's delightful book, "Our Fathers" (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), which, beside being a joke to the eye, is really serious history in the best and most enthralling sense. He has taken the years between 1870 and 1900, and illustrated them from pictures of the times as they appeared in various illustrated periodicals. The result is amazing as well as amusing. Surely the outward aspect of the world has never changed so rapidly as it has done within the last fifty years? Was it only comparatively yesterday that anyone catching a glimpse of a regiment of soldiers or a detachment of sailors would win a game of "beaver"—now so happily defunct—at one yell? Do the middle-aged relicts of the Indian Army, who still frequent our seaside towns, remember the British Raj sailing down a moonlit Indian river towards a State function, crowned by a top-hat? Is it really not so very long ago that the dear girls played tennis in trained skirts and bustles? And oh, so many more startling changes than merely these! They are all pictured in this book. And as a supplement to these illustrations Mr. Alan Bott has written brief, yet concise histories of the manners and customs of the times, and the excitement which belonged to the various events. Though not so long ago, it is all like a visit to another world. And not such a very dull world either. People found their thrills and their fun among themselves; they were not mechanically manufactured for them. Moreover, in spite of the unconscious hypocrisy inherent to the great Victorian era, in many ways there was very much greater liberty; a rough-and-ready freedom, if you will. And the "comfortably off" were never so comfortable before or since. And this will always add a glamour to the period—like the Great Days of Ancient Greece. For a book which combines amusement, general interest, and a real but very informal instruction, "Our Fathers" is not one to borrow, but essentially a book to buy—and to keep.

\* \* \*

### Literary Life from 1894 to 1914.

A "companion volume," though covering a later period, is Mr. Ford Madox Ford's "Return to Yesterday" (Gollancz. 18s.)—one among the very best modern autobiographies I have ever read. The world-aspect is, of course, a purely literary one. And perhaps no aspect can quite easily be made more dull! Here, however, it is rendered so vividly and with so much general interest that it is like a page of real life reopened at a most absorbing chapter or, shall we say, a novel of the very best quality—which, perhaps, is the same thing. The author has written his life as one might write a story, so that real characters really do become "real," coming and going, not like famous shadows from whom, having shaken hands with them, a certain cachet surrounds us for ever more, but as men and women of

(Continued on p. 314)



A GENTLEMAN IN OTTAWA: THE HON. GEORGE PONSONBY  
The infant son of Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Bessborough. This is the most recent photograph of the baby

## HIS "WALK-OUT?"

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



She: Did you hear as Wilson's Panorama's comin' 'ere next week?  
He: Good lor! What'll 'is wife say?

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

common clay. In fact the book would be equally interesting if it were written by an "unknown" about "unknowns," because it is the vividly told story of an extraordinarily interesting and varied life—quite apart from books, apart from famous writers, politicians, publishers, hosts and hostesses of the day before yesterday. Here again a whole dead epoch comes again to life. Take, for example, the story of how the writer was reprimanded by the mother of a girl with whom he had talked about the tragic condition of the poor: "Fordie, you are a dear boy. Sir George and I like you very much. But I must ask you not to talk to dear Beatrice . . . about Things!" In this respect, the author adds, "'Punch' itself was once almost suppressed. It printed a drawing of Charles Reade showing two miserable women of the 'Unfortunate Class' soaked by rain and shivering under one of the Adelphi arches. One of them says to the other, 'Dearie . . . 'Ow long 'ave you been gay?' The consternation in Victorian London was terrific. 'Punch' had spoken about Things. It never has again." And so "Return to Yesterday" takes us back once more to a very interesting phase of English social, literary, and political life. A pity it is not illustrated, perhaps; but apart from this it is one of the most interesting and charming autobiographies I have read for years.

\* \* \*

## A Rare but Awful Problem.

You can always rely on Mr. Robert Hichens to write a novel with an unusual plot, and to develop that plot at great length, but with unfailing interest. His new story, "The First Lady Brendon" (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), possesses all these characteristics. The plot is unconventional, the story runs to nearly five hundred pages, and yet there is not a single really dull paragraph. And the problem, for it would not be a novel by Robert Hichens without one, is the problem of a woman married to a beast of a man for seven years without bearing him a child; divorcing him, marrying again, and then watching in horror the boy born to this second husband developing all the evil characteristics of the first one. Is such a thing possible? Mr. Hichens says yes. He quotes medical opinion. Such cases are extremely rare, and that is the one great consolation, unless, of course, the first husband was a saint and the second one a devil, when naturally this freakishness would prove a blessing in disguise. In the story of poor Lady Brendon, however, the "joke" was a wry one. Lord Brendon was a brute—callous, indifferent, unfaithful in an ugly way. His wife was one of those long-suffering, patient women who revolt only at last, and so, of course, are hated when, if only they had protested in the first place, they might have scored at least the victory of respect. Not that I, myself, cared for Lord Brendon's first wife particularly. She struck me as being exasperatingly ladylike in the long-suffering way of always being a lady. However, there was no doubt she had a big grievance against her first husband. Why she should have been frightened by him, I don't quite know; except that she lived in those days before the War when a divorce, either way, banged a large number of doors

which, as a rule, nobody particularly wanted to open. Incidentally, the modern laxity of moral condemnation has done most novelists out of all their plots. Nowadays, nothing but murder or sexual perversion creates that start necessary to sustain interest. In the old days, tragedy was much easier to concoct. Once divorced, a good woman's life was ruined. To-day she may be divorced as a kind of habit, and still head a society pageant for charity as a fairy queen. But to return to the first Lady Brendon. Divorcing her husband, she married a decent, charming man, practising as a doctor in Harley Street. They had one child, a son, and it is this boy who provides the outrageous problem of nature. To be brief, poor Lady Brendon was a "carrier" of a man's characteristics,

although she had never had a child by him; in the same way as some people are unconscious carriers of disease. Her son grew up totally dissimilar either to his father or his mother, but with a diabolical likeness to his mother's first husband. Utterly hard, utterly cruel, utterly the perfect cad. Meanwhile, his wretched parent watches this reflection of her first husband's degeneracy, not knowing the cause until at last she is made to understand it in the light of medical knowledge. The youth, ostracized at last by all decent society, is forced to live abroad, whither his mother follows him. Whatever good influence she may bring to bear upon him she feels she owes him. Probably a mother knows best, but it seems the young man wasn't worth her sacrifice. He was a degenerate, but he was not an unhappy degenerate. In fact, he gloried in his degeneracy, considering that all the world was wilfully against him the moment this same world tried to thwart the least of his desires. One felt that such a sacrifice would do no good, when that same devotion might have been so much better employed making happier the unhappy man who legally, as well as by nature, was the youth's own father. Mr. Hichens has developed this strange story in that leisurely way of his which, paradoxically enough, makes the longest way round still seem such a short journey. That is because his

characters hold our attention, because the world in which they play out their parts is so vividly drawn. Most people will find it difficult to lay this new novel aside once they have begun to read it. Mr. Hichens still possesses undiminished the rare art of the complete story-teller.

\* \* \*

## Houdini.

"The Secrets of Houdini" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), by J. C. Cannel, Vice-President of the Magicians' Club, is a stupendous give-away of magic mysteries, but absorbing if you yearn to know how the apparently "impossible" is nevertheless achieved. It is not so much a Life of Houdini as an account of how his magnificent tricks were accomplished—tricks which were so mystifying that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle insisted that they belonged to the supernatural. Those tricks left the world completely baffled; but here, in this very readable book, their secret is revealed. The result is that although the "mystery" is no more, the marvel still remains.



Retiring Chaplain: I'm sure the War Office will send you just as good a padre to succeed me  
Jock: Aye, that's what the last ane said, sir, but they never do it!

## PUBLIC BENEFACTORS



THE WONDER OF THE THEATRICAL WORLD: MR. NOEL COWARD



Vandamm

"THE BACHELOR'S BABY"



BACK IN U.S.A.: MISS JEANNETTE MACDONALD

A new portrait of "Cavalcade's" author, whose "beau geste" to patriotism in his latest triumphant success throws fresh light on an amazing personality. Mr. Coward has gone to South America ostensibly for a short rest, though it is understood that he is already at work on a new production. Miss Jeannette Macdonald is now back in the States after creating a furore in London, Paris, and Berlin. This lovely Paramount singing star spends many hours daily practising scales and breathing exercises. To "go talkie" at thirteen months is the record achievement of little Lilius Young who plays the name part in "The Bachelor's Baby" made at Elstree. She doesn't actually bother about words yet, but registers sorrow sans glycerine, and the microphone also records her chuckles. Miss June Collyer is a Paramount player now appearing in "Illusion"



A CLOSE-UP OF MISS JUNE COLLYER

Vandamm



WITH THE COTTESMORE AT BROOKE PRIORY

Mr. Jimmy Finch at the back—he is a former secretary of the Cottesmore and now lives on the edge of the Fernie country, Lord Manton (left), a deserter from his own county, Warwickshire, and Lord Sefton, who is the new Field Master of the Cottesmore

#### From Leicestershire

On Monday at Shoby Cross Roads the heavens opened and fell upon us. While George was drawing his hounds out of the Scholes a fox was seen by Lexie on the opposite hill and provided a sharp scurry nearly to Welby Fish Ponds, where he disappeared in a way only known to the Monday Quorn foxes.

The scene created by hunt servants changing in a narrow lane is best described with apologies to Macaulay:

But those behind cried, "Forward!"  
And those before cried, "Back!"  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array;  
And on the tossing sea of heels,  
To and fro the rider reels;  
And the unfortunate kicked one's squeals  
Die fitfully away!

In the afternoon hounds raced one of the many Hoby Vale foxes in a series of the usual small but enjoyable circles. We went home soaked through, but happy.

The less said about Tuesday with the Cottesmore the better. The morning was spent in and on the borders of a neighbouring pack—a country strongly enough wired to cage lions and tigers. The afternoon fox from Launde, when he finally decided to leave covert, left our huntsman entangled in the undergrowth. By the time he had disentangled, the well-meant efforts of an ex-Master and the entire field to cast hounds had spoilt any chance of a hunt. The short burst from Prior's Coppice, when the "shades of night were falling fast," was quite spoilt by Charlie Pym smashing two ribs and puncturing a lung. I'm pleased to say he is mending well.

With a rising glass and a clear sky, Friday's prospects always looked good. However, a morning's mountaineering rather damped our ardour, and the gilt was wearing off the ginger-bread when Barkby Holt was reached. The foxes in this covert are taking no risks, and so quickly was one away that quite a few enthusiasts were left, which is, perhaps, why hounds were able to settle down on the line and run quite beautifully for forty-five minutes, a large circle and a half, the fox being just in front of hounds, when he managed to find a pal to shift his responsibilities on to and save his brush. I should like to recommend "stickfast" to a few followers. Even in the

## From the Shires and Provinces

moulting season horses should be trained to expect birds to fly out of bushes, and even if the bird is not of the feathered variety it should make no difference.

#### From the Beaufort

The opening meet was put off for a week, and so enabled another seven odd brace to be accounted for; this makes the total about 130 brace for the cub-hunting season! Not too bad! Monday, at East Tytherton, started business in earnest, but oh! what a downpour and gale, and little could be done, but Master found the right one on Tuesday from the rendezvous at Newton Lodge, in the Thorn Covert, and we had a really good forty minutes over the Walls to Union Gorse, and then on slowly to ground at Kingscote Park. Everyone was sorry the landlord from Estcourt Park was unable to enjoy the sport, and wished him a speedy recovery. Those who anticipated the draw by going to Newton Gorse got their deserts. Nothing spoils sport and moves foxes more than this, so please don't do it again.

Our gallant Major from Easton Town has been a notable absentee during the cubbing season (rumour has it a big business scheme is in operation, possibly an anti-cough dope!). We were sorry to see him and his brother Stewart (the latter well rescued) both laid out during the week, and hope no damage was done. Our Joint, also, has been *hors de combat*, a real nasty roll down the hill at Boxwell, and then one of those — fresh horses added more damage by a nasty blow on the nose and mouth. May we suggest a little more work and a martingale! We all thought the lady from Weston looked a very smart turn-out on Friday at Toll Down, and we were pleased to see Charles Tremayne at the meet, and to hear he and his lady wife will soon be in residence at Pinkney Court Farm. The Wilts Yeomanry Ball last week at Chippenham was a great success, and one and all considered it the best and a real cheery party.

#### From the Fernie

Gumley Hall was once again the scene of our opening meet and the Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith was the hunt's kind hostess. Our Joint was riding something that was a bit on its toes, but his centaur-like seat and genial smile soon set the foot-beholders at ease. The first move was made to the Gorse, but the foxes were absent and continued so to be for the earlier part of the day, but in the afternoon a brace were afoot in Jane Ball. One was hunted towards Mowesley in a rainstorm which practically washed away all scent and drenched the field to the skin. The ex-M.F.H. wisely held to his rainproof! Lastly a Walton Holt tenant was pushed out, giving a too short dart into Kilworth area, which, however, warmed up the wet and shivering followers who soon afterwards made for home and hot baths.

The Evington meet was thoroughly popular, resembling a miniature Kirby Gate. The Shires were well represented. Stoughton Dams gave us the first fox, but his chance of escape was small, and eventually he gave up

(Continued on p. 341)



LORD ROSEBERY, M.F.H., AND LORD DALMENY

This snapshot was taken at Mentmore before the deeply lamented death of the late Lord Dalmeny, who was only just over twenty-one. The new heir is Lord Rosebery's son by his second marriage



### MISS LEA SEIDL IN "WHITE HORSE INN"

The charming young heroine in that persistent success at the Coliseum which has been running since April 8 and looks as if it might see its second birthday quite easily. The heroine is the hostess of the "White Horse Inn," and first took London by storm in the title rôle in Franz Lehar's "Frederika." Here she is not given quite as many chances as she deserves to show off that quite magnificent voice



*I always smoke*  
**Player's  
Please**

25  
for  
1/3

THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN THE OPEN  
AIR ARE ATTRACTED BY THE COOL  
SWEET FRAGRANCE OF PLAYER'S

NCCB3



S.A.R. PRINCIPESSA MARIA JOSÉ OF ITALY

*From the picture by Commendatore Vittorio Corcos*

This exclusive picture of Princess Maria José, future Queen of Italy, of which the above is a reproduction, was received in London last week. It is from the painting by Professor Commendatore Vittorio Corcos, which has just been presented to the Prince and Princess of Piedmont by the people of Italy. Her Royal Highness was married to Prince Humbert, Crown Prince of Italy and Prince of Piedmont, in Rome on January 8, 1930. The Crown Princess was the Princess Maria José, and is the daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians. An impression of Her Royal Highness by Autori, the well-known caricaturist, was published in this paper a short time ago, and may make this real portrait therefore a bit more interesting

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS



MLLE. MADELEINE LAMBERT

Lorelle, Paris

The beautiful young Parisian actress, who has made an enviable position for herself on the lighter comedy stage. One of her greatest successes has been in a recent play by Sacha Guitry, in which, however, he did not play himself, and of which the title was "La Deuxième Chambre"

TRÈS CHER,—Who was the Frenchman who said that to interpret Bach (or words to that effect) was the surest way of speaking to God? Since it is not given to many of us to be able to express, adequately at all events, our feelings on the pianoforte I imagine that we did the next best thing in crowding to the first of Walter Rummel's Sunday morning musicals when he gave us his very perfect interpretation of some of Bach's most beautiful pages. So many concerts take place in Paris during the long winter afternoons and evenings that it is difficult to choose between their respective merits, therefore Walter Rummel's innovation of giving us an hour with the great composers every Sunday morning (at the Elysée-Gaumont) is a happy idea for which we say a very heartfelt thank-you! Even if I did have to cut church in order to be there, I felt far more devout than I have ever done while sitting through the average padre's rhetoric. I am afraid, however, that Walter Rummel will soon be receiving a delegation of cooks wishing to voice their objection at his curtailing of their Sunday afternoons out! Mine has already registered her complaint. You see we were all very late for lunch that day, for when the last item on the programme—four *arias* written for the voice but transcribed for the piano by Rummel himself—was over we refused to budge and remained in our seats demanding MORE . . . a demand that was most generously met. This series of concerts will last till the New Year. On November 22nd, we shall pass the time o' day with Beethoven, and on the following Sundays with Schubert, Chopin, Schumann; Mendelssohn and Grieg; Brahms and Weber; Liszt and Wagner; and on January 10, Debussy, Franck, and Ravel.

\* \* \*

Another series of concerts that I am looking forward to is that for children, arranged by Mme. Marty-Zipélius, the well-known violinist and wife of the black and white artist, André Marty. These little *causeries*-concerts will take place on Saturday afternoons at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, and this winter starts their fifth season since their foundation. Mlle. Madeleine Grovlez, the clavichinist, who was playing with great success at the Empire recently, and M. Daniel Hermann, the violinist, are assisting Mme. Zipélius, while short commentaries of the pieces played will be read to the children by M. Roland Manuel.

\* \* \*

The other day I lunched with Alice Delysia and her husband (Eve darlin', she was not at "that" party in London the other night!), George Denis. She has a lovely flat in one of the spacious and airy new buildings that have rather an English air about their windows that have been erected within the last year or so at Neuilly, overlooking the Bois, near the Botanical Gardens. It is furnished in the modern manner. Beautiful woods and lovely plain lines. Black lacquer book-cases and *vitrines* look well against the pale grey walls with their dainty Marie Laurencin drawings and pastels. Unless the unforeseen happens, you will probably see Alice in London this winter at the Palladium in a musical sketch, and also in a new play that is being written for her, and that stages the life of the little French princess who became Mary Queen of Scots. . . . On the other hand, she may take a longer holiday and go big game shooting with her husband, who is a great sportsman in between whiles of being an equally well-known journalist.

\* \* \*

Later in the week I lunched again in the same house—but two floors higher up—with Argentina, and heard from her that she is dancing at the Porcelain Ball in London, ancient history to you, of course, by the time you get this. The day before she had arrived back in Paris from a triumphal but exhausting European tour; that morning she had spent three hours, *chez* Callot, standing to be fitted for the stage dresses that she will wear in the States where she is due next month. Anyone else would have been wilted, but Argentina's vitality is apparently inexhaustible. She arrived a few minutes after we did, for she had been waylaid at the *couturière's* by admirers in quest of autographs. Scorning the lift she had run up the stairs, hat and coat were flung to the maid, flowers—from the admirers—were put into water, and a dash was made to the bath-room (black, gold, and coral, mozaic walls, and silver fittings, the counterpart of Delysia's) in order to wash her hands and twist up anew her long mane of heavy, chestnut hair, all the while demanding and giving news . . . and all in the same breath. Her gestures in everyday life are as beautiful as when she is dancing, and (tell me) do *you* know anything more lovely than her smile?

\* \* \*

I think I told you, a week or so ago, that the famous Café de Paris, in the avenue de l'Opéra, was moving to another home in order to make room for the expansion of certain commercial premises next door. A false alarm, thank goodness. It is well that these hard times should blow good in one direction at least. The expansion is no longer considered desirable, and thus the Café de Paris remains on its old site, and we are truly grateful.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



*Vandamm, New York*

### FRED AND ADELE ASTAIRE IN "THE BAND WAGGON" IN NEW YORK

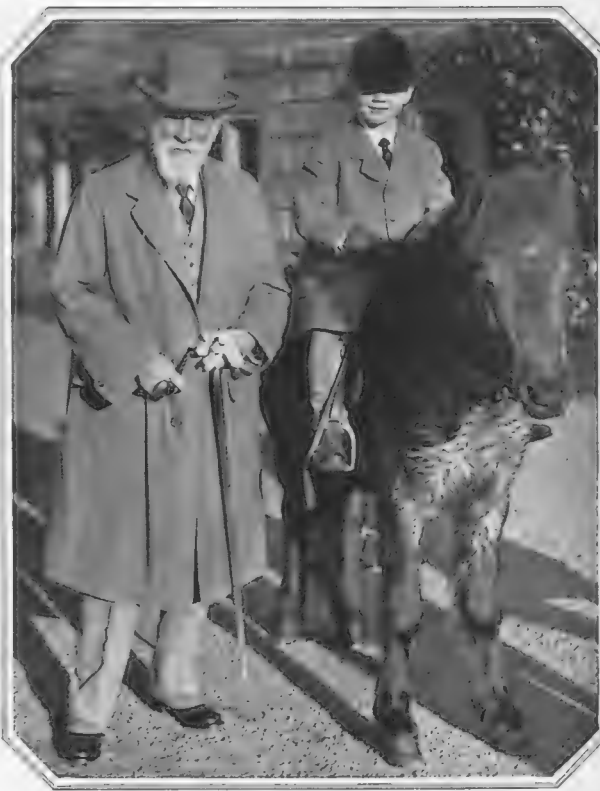
As soon as the run of this piece, in which the talented brother and sister are amongst the principal props, is over, Miss Adèle Astaire will quit the stage for ever and come to England to marry Lord Charles Cavendish, the younger son of the Duke of Devonshire. "The Band Waggon" is at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and as it appears to be a persistent success, no date can be definitely fixed for the wedding. When New York has done with it they say we may see it over here as it was one of the shows in which Sir Oswald Stoll was much interested when he was in New York, and it might succeed "Waltzes From Vienna" at the Alhambra—eventually



THE WEST KENT HOUNDS IN PENSURST VILLAGE

WITH THE BEAUFORT: LORD AND LADY ERNE  
AND THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

Swaebe

WITH THE N. NORTHUMBERLAND—  
LORD JOICEY AND HIS GRANDSON

Ian Smith

With the recent rain to soften the face of the country scent has improved almost everywhere, and with the thistles gradually dying of frost bite in the ditches and the leaf coming down fast, things have taken on the aspect which is usually associated with the best recipe for health known to mortal man. The hunting poet did not over-state the case when he said something about its being "the divinest of ecstasies under the sun." Penshurst, where that excellent snapshot of the West Kent was taken, is one of the most picturesque villages in Kent. Mr. G. M. Davidson has been Master of these hounds since 1926, and carries the horn. The Dowager Duchess of Beaufort and Lord and Lady Erne were at the Tolldown fixture of the Duke's hounds. Lady Erne was Lady Davina Lytton. The day that Lord Joicey and his younger son's (Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Hugh Joicey) boy Michael were "shot," the North Northumberland met at his home, Ford Castle. Miss Usher, who comes of the famous Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hunting family, has been Master of these hounds since 1929. The Hon. Hugh Joicey was Master from 1920 to 1927

# AT ASHCOMBE HOUSE, WILTSHIRE



MR. CECIL BEATON AND HIS TWO SISTERS

Stage Photo Co.

These two artistically taken and artistically posed pictures are not the work of the young artist photographer, who is one of the leading items in both of them, but knowing Mr. Cecil Beaton's talent for "seeing a picture" it is difficult to believe that he had not some say in the composition and grouping. The picture was taken at Mr. Beaton's country house near Salisbury. Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton are two of the prettiest girls in London Society. Mr. Beaton specialized in Society photography first of all, but in addition to this he is a delightful artist with a good colour sense and an unfailing sense of humour in his caricatures

## THE PASSING SHOWS

*"The Anatomist," at the Westminster Theatre*

LADY-IN-WAITING

Miss Mary Belle Dishart (Miss Betty Hardy) and her fiancé, Doctor Walter Anderson (Mr. Carleton Hobbs). They quarrel and part over Walter's refusal to give up his job as demonstrator to Dr. Knox, the Anatomist

**B**EFORE Mr. Anmer Hall presented *The Anatomist* at the Westminster—once a picture-house, now one of London's most inviting "little theatres" and very handy, by the way, for Victoria Station—I was disgracefully hazy about Burke and Hare—who they were, when they lived, and why their names are linked together in notoriety. I am grateful to Mr. "James Bridie" for repolishing a rusty item of general knowledge and coating a macabre and moving tit-bit of medical and social history in the very best "Quality Street" icing.

The drawing-room of the Dishart sisters, Amelia and Mary Belle, with the gently amorous spinet, the girdle cakes for tea, home-made by Jessie Ann, and the view of the city through chintz curtains, makes a pretty conversation piece for an autumn evening. Enlivened by the presence of that problematical poseur, Dr. John Knox the anatomist, with his single eye, dandy's clothes, high-faluting braggadocio, and long-suffering flute, this picture of decorous Edinburgh in 1828 contrasts well with the grim business of murder and body-snatching. Romance is skilfully blended with melodrama and imagination with fact.

That Doctor "Bridie" should feel a not too biased sympathy for Doctor Knox is natural. Professional pride and loyalty, after so decent an interval as a hundred years, can condone the aloof attitude which detached a pioneer spirit from his less progressive fellows. To deliver his lectures to the hundreds of students who flocked to his school in Surgeon's Square, Doctor Knox needed "subjects"—a polite lecture-room term for dead bodies. Whence the supply came was no matter for squeamish inquiry. He paid for them in cash and they served his purpose. It was not this procedure that brought his name into odium and an angry mob about his heels. For many years the Resurrectionists,

or Body-snatchers, had been going about their ghoulish work—bribing sextons, creeping into graveyards at dead of night, breaking into coffins with specially-shaped crowbars, and removing the bodies from their resting places, taking care to leave the clothes behind, for in those days to steal a body was a misdemeanour, to steal clothes a felony punishable by transportation. The trade was dangerous, but the rewards were high. Anatomy had a hungry maw.

What brought Doctor Knox into the limelight of public execration was the get-rich-quick method of two scoundrels who did worse than conform to the popular belief that corpses were actually manufactured by the body-snatchers. William Burke, an Irish labourer, kept a doss-house in Tanner's Close, Edinburgh. In 1827 William Hare, a compatriot, came there to lodge. An old pensioner died in the house and instead of burying the body the two Irishmen sold it to

Doctor Knox for £7 10s. A nefarious partnership sprang from this easy-money deal. Outcasts and unknown travellers were lured to their doom, made drunk and suffocated, so that the bodies should reveal no marks of violence. Fifteen unfortunates were thus done to death. One of the victims was Mary Paterson, a woman of the streets. Her body was sold to Dr. Knox (his prices ranged from £8 to £14), and was recognized by one of the students. Burke was hanged before a howling mob on January 28, 1829, and his body, by an appropriate gesture of fate, came to the surgeon's table. Hare, the loathlier villain, turned King's evidence and vanished into obscurity. Dr. Knox, to stem the tide of unpopularity, was exonerated by



DOCTOR JOHN KNOX (MR. HENRY AINLEY)

A remarkable portrait of a remarkable man. The Doctor, brilliantly dramatized by Mr. Ainley, was the storm-centre of the hue and cry against Burke and Hare, the notorious murderers who shocked Edinburgh and all England in 1828. They sold the bodies to Doctor Knox for anatomical research



## GREEN SPRING AND GOLDEN AUTUMN

Adolphus Raby (Mr. Robert Eddison) seems too gauche and tongue-tied ever to make a doctor, while his hostess, Amelia Dishart (Miss Gillian Scaife), has more than her fair share of native canniness and resource

works, marry her at once, and set up in a Glasgow practice on his own, or go about his business and take the engagement ring with him. Poor Walter, torn 'twixt Cupid and the cause, sets loyalty before love.

Act II sees him drowning his sorrows in gin in a low-down tavern kept by one Nebby (Mr. Craighall Sherry), and frequented by Davie, the doctor's porter at Surgeon's Hall (Mr. D. Morland Graham), the sly and sinister Burke (Mr. J. A. O'Rourke), the rubicund and no less repellent Hare (Mr. Harry Hutchinson), the ill-fated Mary Paterson (Miss Flora Robson), and her frightened little servant-girl companion (Miss Joan White). The young doctor, tearfully sodden in his cups, falls asleep in the light-o'-love's lap. Sobered by his childish grief Mary croons a lullaby over him as she strokes his hair. It is a moving picture, well staged, and finely acted. Walter is sensitively portrayed by Mr. Carleton Hobbs with no exaggeration in his bout

an influential committee from the stigma of being knowingly implicated. The verdict, however, hinted at lack of caution in suspicious circumstances. A few years later his popularity as a lecturer waned, and he retired to London to be rejected for the Crimea and accept a post at the Cancer Hospital.

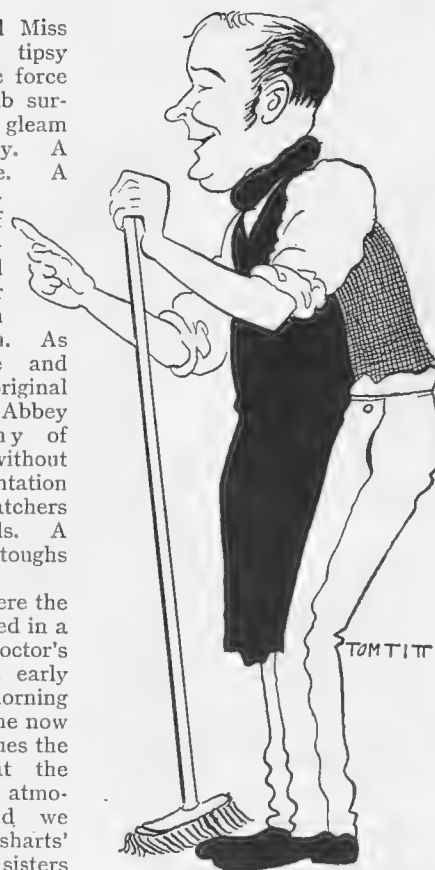
These are the facts, and the play uses them to good purpose. Dr. Knox is the central figure, and his uncompromising disregard of scruples in the cause of science is the rock on which the love of the younger Miss Dishart and her fiancé, Dr. Anderson, is made to split. The spirited Miss Mary, fretted by a long engagement and Doctor Knox's tactless and overbearing theatricalism, presents an ultimatum. Her Walter can either renounce the Doctor and all his

of drunkenness, and Miss Robson plays the tipsy wanton with a tragic force which gives the drab surroundings a pathetic gleam of spiritual beauty. A notable performance. A strong act ends gripingly on a note of horror as the murderers, lewd and leering, lead their doped and drunken victim to her doom. As Messrs. O'Rourke and Hutchinson are original members of the Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin, it goes without saying that the presentation of the two body-snatchers is in masterly hands. A nicer contrast in toughs cannot be imagined.

A short scene where the girl's body is delivered in a packing-case at the Doctor's headquarters in the early hours of the next morning and recognized by the now sober Walter, continues the tension. After that the Chamber of Horrors atmosphere departs and we return to the Disharts' drawing-room. The sisters return from abroad on the morning of Burke's execution. The Doctor, bleeding from a stone wound in the head, takes shelter from the mob, and between excursions and alarms finds time to invite Miss Amelia to fly with him to Italy. That sweet and sagacious lady gently reminds him of his wife and soothes his injured love and vanity with tea, bandages, and a sisterly kiss. This is the very part for Miss Gillian Scaife, and very cannily and charmingly she plays it. Mary Belle (of whom Miss Betty Hardy makes a lively and intelligent young personage) fares better, being happily reconciled to her Walter, and the play ends gaily with the Doctor continuing his lectures (this one is appropriately on the heart) surrounded by the two ladies and an enthusiastic posse of disciples, among them the gauche and tongue-tied Adolphus. Mr. Robert Eddison's portrait of this tenderfoot, with green the predominating colour, is skilfully done.

Mr. Henry Ainley, happily restored to health and arrestingly arrayed like some Hogarthian dandy in red wig and eye-shade, rattles off the flute-playing, Latin-quoting, autocratic Doctor with a verve and precision which gives no hint of the sickroom. It is a racy yet delicate portrait, adorned with that sense of character and light and shade which Mr. Ainley brings to adventurous eccentricity on the higher plane. Admirably produced by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, *The Anatomist* is definitely a play to see.

"TRINCULO."



## THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER

Of the dead bodies for the anatomy room, Davie Paterson (Mr. D. Morland Graham), Doctor Knox's concierge



## THE WAY IT WAS DONE

Burke (Mr. J. A. O'Rourke) and Hare (Mr. Harry Hutchinson) dope the ill-fated Mary Paterson (Miss Flora Robson) before carrying her off to her doom, and her body to the anatomist's lecture-room

## FORCES FOR COURSES

The Saluki Coursing Club  
holds its Autumn Meeting

The Saluki or Gazelle Hound, a breed which has existed for many centuries in Arabia, was introduced into England after the European War and is now well established in this country. The great feature of these dogs, besides their decorativeness, is their amazing speed and, like greyhounds, they hunt by sight. The Saluki Coursing Club is a very flourishing concern, and its autumn meeting, recently held at Westhall Hill, attracted most of the leading owners



CAPTAIN AND MRS. L. AMES WITH  
THEIR CHAMPION AMEENA OF AYOT

(Right) LADY HUNLOKE AND TWO  
OF HER TRACK GREYHOUNDS

Captain and Mrs. Ames are enthusiastic supporters of the Saluki Coursing Club, and their Ameena of Ayot is a well-known competitor. Lady Hunloke brought Whiskey Cask and Wrexham Castle, two of her racing greyhounds, to see the fun at Westhall Hill. Whiskey Cask has won many prizes, and both dogs are familiar to patrons of track racing, a form of sport in which Lady Hunloke takes a keen interest



MRS. CURTIS AND HER ENTRY

(Below) MISS S. KERRISON WITH  
HER CH. SHEM OF IRAQ



Miss Kerrison holds the important post of Honorary Secretary to the Saluki Coursing Club, and owns a well-known dog in Shem of Iraq. General Lance, who is seen in the group on the left, was responsible for importing the first Saluki into England somewhere about 1919, and his kennel is famous. Mrs. Addinsell was one of the flag stewards at the meeting which was held near Burford, in Oxfordshire

Photographs by Dennis Moss



(Left to right) MR. ARTHUR WHEREAT, LIEUT.-COLONEL B. L. BIRLEY, MISS KERRISON, MRS. ADDINSELL, MRS. LANCE, AND BRIG.-GENERAL LANCE, AND VARIOUS SALUKIS

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# ALL ABOARD F



## SOME OF THE STAFF

The names, left to right and up and down, are: Lord Howe, Mr. Raymond Mays, Mr. Hugh P. McConnell (the Brooklands schoolmaster), Mr. Brian E. Lewis, and

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# OR. BROOKLANDS



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(ineer), Mr. Jack Dunfee, Mr. J. R. Cobb, Mr. R. F. Oats, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Mr. Kaye Don, Captain Sir H. R. S. Birkin, Mrs. G. M. Stewart

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# THOSE FOX-CHASIN' CHAPS!



WITH THE WATERFORD HOUNDS

Pool, Waterford



(Right) MISS A. USHER, M.F.H.,  
AT FORD CASTLE

G. W. Daw



WITH THE FERNIE LAST WEEK: THE MARCHIONESS  
OF BUTE



WITH THE HARRINGTON: MR. HEBER-PERCY, LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H.,  
MR. AND MRS. CATTLE

Howard Barrett

The Waterford country is next door to both the Kilkenny and the Tipperary and is a bit like both of them—in the way that “great banks there are in the fields below.” Mr. Russell’s Joint Master is the young Marquess himself, and it is a grand sporting country to cross. Miss Usher, a mention of whom is made on another hunting picture page, is one of an increasing band of lady masters and hunts the rather rugged North Northumberland country. The picture was taken the day they were at Lord Joicey’s seat, Ford Castle. Lady Bute is very fond of the Shires and hunts in High Leicestershire, Leicestershire proper, and with the Pytchley on occasion. Lady Harrington pluckily carried on the family pack after her husband was killed in a fall out hunting in 1929. The picture was taken at a meet at Mr. and Mrs. Cattle’s house

DOROTHY WARD'S  
WONDERFUL STAGE

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS: The ladies are Miss Maidie Andrews, Miss Cicely Debenham, Miss Betty Shale, Miss Binnie Hale (and at back), Miss Sylvia Leslie



MRS. JACK HYLTON, MR. TOM WEBSTER, MR. SHAUN GLENVILLE, AND MR. JACK HYLTON



MISS NELLIE WALLACE AND MR. BILLY BENNETT



MR. DON MUNROE, MISS AUDREY ACLAND, LORD INVERCLYDE, AND MISS DOROTHY WARD



MISS VERA PEARCE AND MR. BERT ERROL



MISS ETHEL LEVEY



MISS ANITA ELSON AND MR. GEOFFREY GWYTHYER

Miss Dorothy Ward's wonderful party at the Piccadilly Theatre will live very long in the memory of everyone who was lucky enough to be there, for it was the kind of show that makes even the fiddle-faced pessimist pack up his troubles in his old kit bag. The hostess goes into the pantomime, "Queen of Hearts" at the Grand, Leeds—of course as principal boy. People were asked to come in "pantomime" kit and most of them nobly responded. Every kind of stage and otherwise celebrity was on the premises, as will be observed from the beautiful ladies in the left hand top picture, Tom Webster, the cartoonist, Jack Hylton, the music maker, and his wife (in the group with the hostess' husband, Mr. Shaun Glenville), Miss Ethel Levey (Mrs. Claude Grahame-White), Miss Anita Elson (Mrs. Nick Prinsep), Miss Nellie Wallace, Mr. Billy Bennett (of Alexander and Mose), and that amusing creature, Mr. Bert Errol

Photographs by Sasha

## PARTY AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE



MR. NELSON KEYS AND MISS IVY TRESMAND



1930 AND 1880: MISS DOROTHY WARD AND MISS DAISY WOOD

MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH, MRS. FRED EMNEY, AND  
MR. JOHN BRISTOWE BULLHOMAGE TO THE QUEEN! MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE (centre) AND MR. IVOR  
McLAREN, MR. LAURIE GREEN, AND MR. CHARLES COURTNEIDGE

The pictures on the page facing this one by no means exhaust the list of the illustrious who were at Miss Dorothy Ward's quite amazing party at the Piccadilly Theatre. The collection on this page is sufficient evidence of this. Mr. Nelson Keys attracted a definite measure of notice as a principal boy in some quite unprincipled trousers, and no one believed—and they were quite right—that the principal boys of fifty years ago wore the *Jemima* boots which Miss Daisy Wood produced. Incidentally, she is a sister of the ever-lamented Marie Lloyd, who has never had a re-incarnation. Miss Dorothy Ward herself is quite "hors concours" as a principal boy, and Leeds will see her soon. Mrs. Fred Emney, who is in one of the other groups, is the widow of Fred Emney, who won undying glory in "A Sister to Assist 'Er," to say nothing of many another triumph—but this one lives longest

Photographs by Sasha



FRÄULEIN LIL DAGOVER

Munasse

A beautiful young Continental film star who, like so many other people, is showing America that Hollywood is not the only home of movie talent. This picture comes straight from Vienna, where the Fräulein Dagover has been busy lately

"I've come to mend the tap you wrote about," said the plumber to the woman who answered the door.

"But we didn't send for you," said the woman.

The plumber, searching through his pockets, produced a letter. After perusing it, he rubbed his head.

"It says No. 17, don't it?" he asked, holding the letter out for inspection.

"Yes."

"And you're Mrs. Green?"

"No. Mrs. Green left here two months ago—before we moved in."

The plumber turned to his boy. "Would you believe it, Bill?" he said, in disgust. "Fancy sending for us to do a job and then movin'!"

\* \* \*

"Have you seen Jones's new wife, my dear?" asked the first lady. "They say she is a decided blonde."

"Oh, yes," replied the second lady, "I know her quite well, you know. In fact, I was there when she decided."

\* \* \*

A man stood up in a tube carriage and offered a woman his seat. She fainted. When she recovered consciousness she thanked him. Then he fainted.

\* \* \*

He was being measured for a suit at a new tailor's. "What about a small deposit, sir?" asked the tailor as he ran the tape over the new customer.

"Oh, I don't mind. Put one in if it's smart."

\* \* \*

"Johnny!" said his mother, accusingly.

"Yes, mother," replied Johnny, innocently.

"I left two pieces of cake in this cupboard this morning and now there is only one piece left. Can you explain it?"

"Well, I suppose it was so dark when I went there that I didn't see the other piece."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"Isn't it dreadful, my dear?" said Mrs. Brown. "My son has entered a well-known racing stable to be trained as a jockey. He was to have become a minister, you know."

"Well," was the reply from the recipient of this piece of news, "he's made a good choice, no doubt. He'll perhaps bring more people to repentance as a jockey than he ever would as a minister!"

\* \* \*

The bore was giving a long-winded description of an accident with his baby car.

"There was I," he said, "on a lonely road, miles from anywhere, with a blazing car! What do you think I did?"

"Took a deep breath and blew it out!" replied a weary listener.

\* \* \*

After some hesitation he dialled his home telephone number and waited. At length a woman's voice answered.

"Hullo," he said, "is that Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes."

"This is Jack speaking. I say, dear, will it be all right if I bring home a couple of fellows to dinner?"

"Certainly, darling."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes—you asked if you could bring home a couple of fellows to dinner. Of course you can, dear."

"Sorry, madam," he said, preparing to ring off, "I've got the wrong Mrs. Brown."

\* \* \*

A quack doctor was holding forth shouting his medicines to an attentive audience.

"I have sold these pills for the last twenty years," he said, "and I have never yet had a complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

A voice from the crowd replied: "That dead men tell no tales."

\* \* \*

Three Welshmen were praising the beer

"The best glass of beer I never tasted no more," said the first.

"So did I neither," said the second.

"Neither did I too once ever," said the third.



Arthurian Lewis

IN "SENSATION": MISS EVE GRAY

It is not every play, not even those concocted by the world's most prolific thrill author, that has a murder in every act, but Mr. Charles Bennett's "Sensation," which has been filling the Lyceum since October 15, has. It has to do with Fleet Street, secret passages down to the River Thames, diamond merchants, cabarets and press stunts, and, last of all, a trial scene, and through it all the heroine (Miss Eve Gray) passes more or less unscathed. It is rather a wonder that anyone is left alive at the end

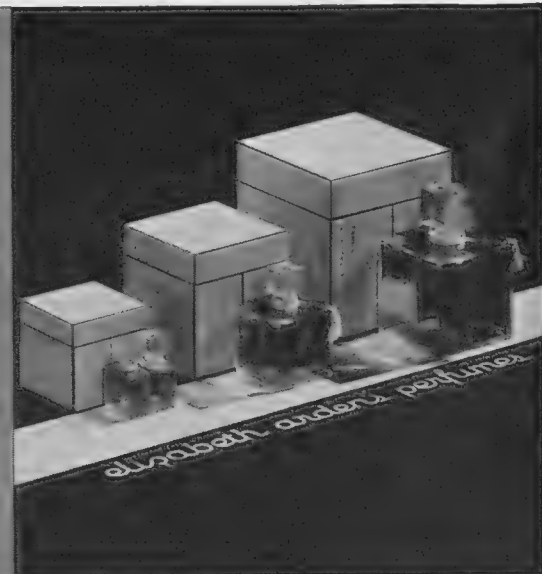
# ★ ★ ★ a Beautiful Gesture

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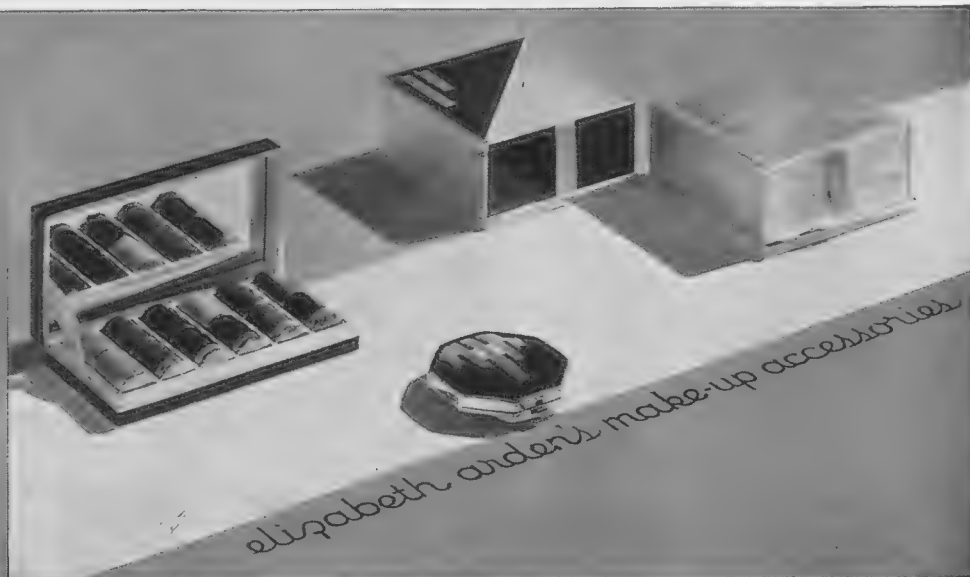
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# A Rugby Letter : "HARLEQUIN"

By

"HARLEQUIN"

A FAMOUS International asked the other day for information as to what was the matter with Rugby this season. He said he had attended a large number of matches—it is by way of being his job—and he had hardly seen a decent game. Both individual players and teams have distinctly disappointed him, and not him alone. There is not the slightest doubt that the standard of Rugby, the English variety at any rate, has been on the down grade for the last few seasons, and there must be some reason for it.

Some people say that there are no striking personalities in the game to-day, and they are not far wrong. There is no one of the Poulton or Pillman class, and consequently no high standard for ordinary every-day players to set before themselves. Perhaps we have struck a bad patch; certain it is that the prevalent note to-day is a dull mediocrity. Only a handful of people go to Twickenham now to see the Harlequins, and can anyone wonder at it? And of course the acres of empty seats make the whole affair more depressing than ever.

Presumably those seats will all be filled when the International matches come along, everyone will want to see the full strength of England, as visualized by the selectors, opposed to the South Africans, even though the latter have shown themselves by no means invincible. But Rugby is really on its trial; a few more exhibitions like the last England v. Scotland match at Twickenham, or the Varsity match of last December, will make a good many people begin to wonder whether the game is worth the candle, said candle representing the cost of the seats and the weariness of getting to, and especially from, Twickenham.

Some players, possibly recognizing the dullness of the entertainment they are offering to the public, endeavour to enliven it by constant vocal effort. At a first-class club match the other day three or four forwards on either side never stopped shouting. It is true they made up for this by doing very little else, but their efforts soon palled, for the public got very tired of continual bellows of "Come on." This may be modern captaincy, but not so did men like John Daniel and Noel Slocock lead the English pack.

And that was not how George Beamish, the Ireland and R.A.F. forward, led his county forwards to victory over the Springboks the other day. That must have been a great day at Leicester, and lots of us are sorry we didn't make the journey. H. P. Marshall, however, told us all about it in one of the finest bits of football journalism I have seen for years, and it was

evidently a scene to stir the blood of old Rugby men. All credit to the Midland men for rising to a great occasion, and rallying to the example of the greatest forward of the day.

Once more truth was stranger than fiction, for a comparatively unknown boy in the person of C. Slow (picture in group below), a stand-off half from Northampton, sprang straightway into fame. He dropped a goal, scored two tries, and was chiefly responsible for at least one other—not a bad day's work for a novice in his first big match. Memory recalls no début quite so startling, and everybody will be anxious to see whether he can live up to this form.

The splendid sportsmanship of the South Africans in the way in which they accepted their surprise defeat deserves recognition. They even helped to carry George Beamish in triumph off the field, and heaven knows they must have had enough of him during the previous hour or so. And they gave

the Midlands their Springbok head as a mascot, besides, no doubt, changing jerseys with some of their opponents, that being the accepted way of recognizing a good honest scrap. At one period they looked like pulling the game out of the fire, and they fought their hardest, but when the end came they were splendid losers. The result caused something of a sensation in South Africa as well as here, but the tourists did not let their country down, rather, indeed did they do it credit both by their play and their sporting spirit.

There has been an uneasy feeling for some years that the Midland clubs have hardly had their fair share of trial and England caps. It is often contended that the individual players do not shine away from their own

teams, and that if you choose one you must choose the lot. Why not accept the situation to some extent, and give quite a number of them a run in the first trial, North v. South, at Coventry, on December 5? They will be in their own country, and it is not as if there were any vast number of prominent players in either North or South. There is a fine opening for the Midlands to come into their own, and a strong team might be built around them, with a good deal of help from the West.

The selectors, who cannot be too happy about their prospects, may welcome this plan of campaign. They have been doing an enormous amount of rather unproductive work, and they know well enough how low the general standard is. They have at least the consolation of knowing that their fifteen cannot do worse than that of last season, and even some of those stars of the second magnitude are not shining too brightly just at present.



THE EAST MIDLANDS RUGGER TEAM

The side which met Warwickshire at Northampton for the County Championship. Warwickshire won, but only after a really desperate struggle by two dropped goals and two tries (14 points) to three tries (9 points). The names, left to right, are: Seated—T. Goodman (Northampton), W. H. Weston (Northampton), T. E. K. Williams (Bedford), J. B. Minahan (honorary secretary), R. C. Brumwell (Bedford), C. Slow (Northampton), R. E. G. Wise (Bedford); standing—N. Read (Bedford), E. Coley (Northampton), T. Harris (Northampton, captain), A. S. Roncoroni (West Herts), N. A. York (Northampton), L. G. Askwell (Bedford); back row—R. J. Longland (Northampton), T. Garratt (Northampton), and M. Jelley (Northampton)

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Photo: Peter North.

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Concerning du Maurier Virginia *The Lancet* (January 24th, 1931—page 194) writes: "We find these cigarettes to be cooler and less irritating to the mucous membrane than ordinary cigarettes of good quality without the filter tip."



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LADY JOAN JOICEY AND HER SONS, DAVID AND MICHAEL. AT ETAL MANOR  
*Miss Compton Collier*

Lady Joan Joicey, who was Lady Joan Lambton, is a daughter of the late Earl of Durham and a sister of the present one. She married Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Hugh Joicey, the younger brother of Lord Joicey, in 1921. Etal Manor is at Berwick-on-Tweed

TO the many expressions of deep sympathy with Lord Rosebery and Mrs. C. Hilton Green, wife of the present Master of the Cottesmore, upon the death of their son, poor young Lord Dalmeny, the writer desires to add his own. In such circumstances there is nothing that can be said by word of mouth; but there is something always which is more eloquent. Lord Dalmeny bade fair to become as fine a man to hounds as his father, and already he had rivalled the present Lord Rosebery's achievements at cricket and been on a winning Eton side v. Harrow. He lived all his earlier hunting days in the Whaddon country, which it is no exaggeration to say is one of the biggest in England. It was originally part of the Graf-ton, which also is acknowledged to be one of those which takes a first-class man on a first-class horse to defeat decisively. High Leicestershire runs anywhere close, but both in the Fernie country and in another "big" country, the Pytchley, there is the very definite advantage of good drainage and rarely anything but the soundest of grass. In the Whaddon country this is not always so, for when it gets wet it is extremely heavy and is not a place, therefore, in which the adventurer can let him just gallop on knowing that if he is worth his salt at all he should see things out. The Whaddon country, therefore, is a good place in which to go to school and under such a fine preceptor as his father, Lord Dalmeny had every chance to learn all that there was to learn. But it just was not to be.

The Polo Notes in this paper having closed in the middle of September, this letter from a "West Country Polo Player," addressed to THE TATLER polo correspondent has to be published in these notes, and I think may be of much interest to many people. It runs:

I read your Polo Notes with the greatest interest each week; and more power to your elbow in urging the lethargic British temperament to think about the next American contest now instead of leaving everything until the time is actually on us and we have to collect the ponies and find a team by our time-honoured method of "muddling through." There is one thing in your articles which

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

makes me a little uneasy—and that is your remarks about our climate! You quite justifiably point out that we are trying to play an Eastern game in our moist and misty Western island, and you reiterate the number of wet week-ends which we have had this summer, and rather rub in how short a polo season we can ever hope for. This to point your contention that the only way to compete with a country training on the grounds upon which America can call is to send our team abroad for its training. Now this may be quite true, but it is very discouraging to English polo! Is it safe to let our players and prospective players realize how short the London season is, and what terrible interruptions they may expect from our climate? I have the future of polo (as I know you have) very much at heart, believing that no sport (except hunting) and no other game can hold a candle to it. I fully realize our difficulties, the expense of the game in these hard times, and our dependence on weather (though, as a matter of fact, it is one of the only games you can enjoy when it is raining!) And so I think we should rather gloze over the draw-backs of our climate and encourage our players to keep going and make every effort to get young recruits to take it up.

But returning to our next contest with America. I do not think that the full import of the Beaufort



IN LONDON: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND MAUD, MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE

Lady Lansdowne is the widow of the 5th Marquess, who, like some other Viceroys of India, came from a very cold place, Canada, to a very hot one; the late Lord Minto is one of the cases in point. Both the late Marquess and Lady Lansdowne were much beloved during their time in India, and H.E. had as his Military Secretary the late Lord Bill Beresford, a great character in the history of Hindustan



LADY TOLLEMACHE AT PECKFORTON CASTLE, TARPORLEY

Tarpорley, where Peckforton Castle is near, is where the Tarpорley Hunt has its G.H.Q. at the Blue Cap Inn, named after the famous Cheshire bitch. Lady Tollemache, who is Lord Tollemache's second wife, the first Lady Tollemache having died in 1926, was Miss Lynette Pawson. The "dawg's" name's John and the parrot's Susie

Polo Club has been realized and the use that may be made of the organization there. We perhaps forget that rain also falls on Long Island—the International matches were put off for weeks on account of wet weather a few years ago, if I remember rightly—and California and Miami are a long way from New York. America herself has no such polo outfit as this club with eleven polo grounds, several of them admitted by judges like Pat Roark and Laddie Sanford, to be the best in the world; and all this, with ample stabling, a bare 1½ hour railway journey from London. It may be impossible to send all International teams to Cannes to train (and I have known the

(Continued on p. xxiv)

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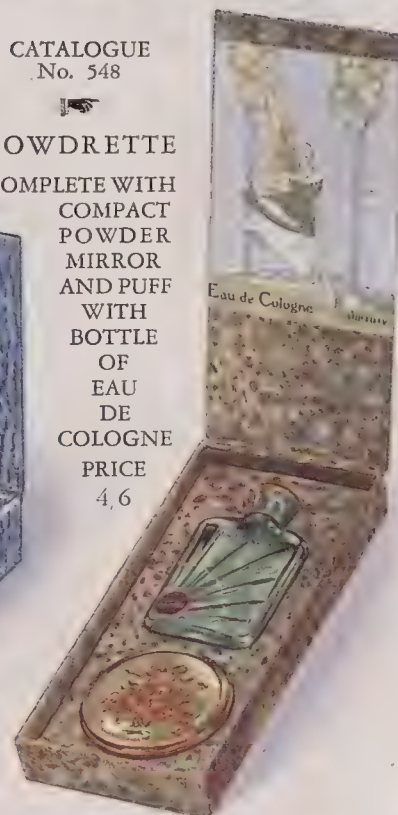
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## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 316)

his brush in Keys Spinney. From Thurnby, after a preliminary scurry to Bushby, hounds went well away behind a good fox into Quorn country, running through Scraftoft Gorse almost to Ingarsby. From there the first flighters had a rare opportunity across to Houghton and Norton, some stiff fences barring the way. Hounds pulled down their fox near Houghton after a good fifty minutes.

### The Heythrop

The week has been productive of little else but water. Scent and sport have been a complete wash-out and all the good going has gone. On Monday at Ledwell the rain was too much for most people, but not for quite a nice-sized contingent who went down to the brook and bathed. "Charles Fox" was the first over it, closely followed by Charles and Charlie. Then Mrs. Charles would a-bathing go, whether her horse would like it or no, and was helped out by the future Mrs. Charlie; nothing like hunting in couples, but what we want to know is, can a duck swim? Perhaps Mrs. Charles can tell us.

A noticeable absentee during the week has been the Major's wife, who has strained a muscle in her back. We wish her a speedy recovery and remind her of the fact that "it's the Daly dose that does it."

These hounds have killed four-and-a-half brace of foxes during the week and, if this rate is kept up much longer, we shall have to muzzle the brutes, as someone recently remarked.

### From the York and Ainsty

Our notes this week have to be very sad ones, for we have lost on the same day two of our best-known members, Colonels Stapylton and Wickham, each of whom had in his own way done much for the hunt and was devoted to its interests.

Our "fields" have changed so much since the War that many do not remember Miles Stapylton's time as Master. The country was first split into "North" and "South" in 1906 (though the boundaries were different from what they are now), and Major Stapylton was Master of the former, with kennels close to his home at Myton. Mr. (later Sir E.) Lycett Green had the South, and this arrangement went on with great success for three seasons. The packs were reunited in 1909, and Major Stapylton hunted the whole country for the season 1909-1910, when he resigned; but two years later came forward again as Joint Master with the Hon. M. Furness. (It was in this year, 1912, that Harry Cumpstone started as huntsman.) He gave up his joint mastership in 1914. Since then he has been on the hunt committee and until lately was chairman.

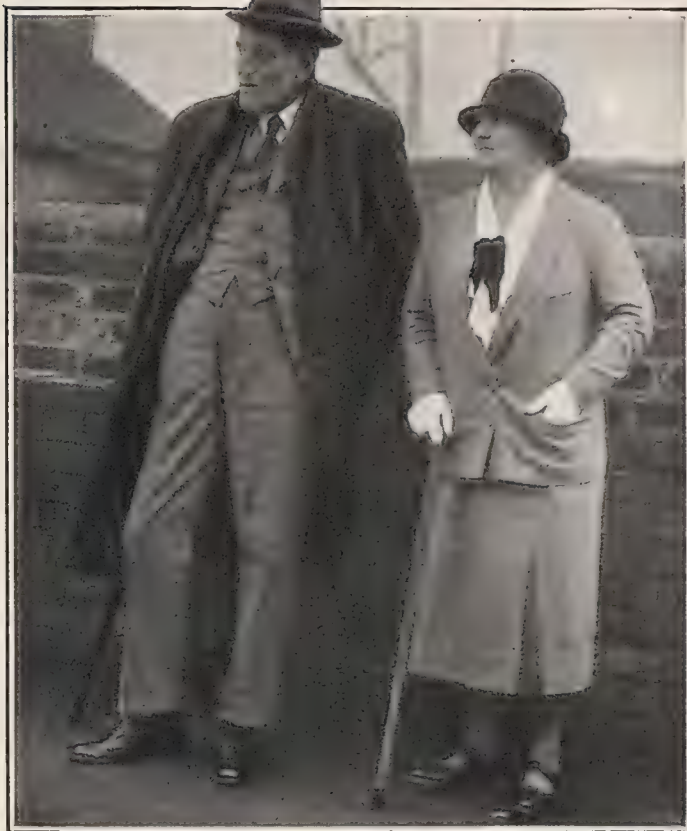
Colonel H. F. Wickham was really a native of the Bramham country, but for the last ten years has lived in York and done much for the York and Ainsty in the way of removing wire and settling claims.



Truman Howell

LADY CURRE, M.F.H., AT ITTON

Lady Curre took over these hounds on her husband's death in 1930. Sir Edward Curre had had them since 1896, and had managed to breed an almost pure white pack. Contrary to some people's belief these hounds are not pure Welshmen, though there is Welsh in them, but a great many of them are full of Belvoir blood.



Howard Barrett

MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE BARRINGTON ASSHETON  
CRAVEN AT WINKBURN PARK

On a day when the Rufford met there. Mr. L. B. A. Craven, who has spent a good deal of his time in Australia, succeeded to the Burnells' estates this year. The Burnells have been seated at Winkburn since Queen Elizabeth's days.

### From Lincolnshire

The Brocklesby opening day (November 11) was, as usual, at Welbeck Hill, and everybody was delighted to see Lord Yarborough in the saddle. He has now entered upon the fifty-second year of his mastership, succeeding to the responsibility when he attained his majority. The usual gay throng assembled, but the sport calls for no waste of paper and ink! Scent was vile, but hounds managed to kill a fox. Two days later, from Pelham's Pillar, scent was top-hole and there was some wonderful sport.

The Blankney on their Sleaford day (November 12) also did well, but their fox from the local wood knew what he was about! He could not possibly have chosen a worse line. The going was all right and the pace a cracker to Haverholme Park, but beyond, in the Fens, no end of boggy places came in the way and everybody was tumbling about like a troupe of acrobats. After crossing the Kyme River there wasn't a particle of smell, thus a difficult hunt of about 65 min. with a seven-and-a-half mile point came to an end.

### From Warwickshire

It was so wet when Hounds met at Welcome on Monday that one was perfectly safe in a mackintosh all day. Hounds hunted well and killed a fox.

Tuesday at Honnington was very different; everyone had been looking forward to it for weeks and were all on their best horses. (The fashion is top-hats and black habits for the ladies this season.) There were plenty of foxes about, in fact the Squire of Honnington had them everywhere, and they were cub-hunted round. Charles at least was delighted if no one else was. We wonder which Victor was the more anxious about, the lady or the horse?

Where are the foxes in Oxhill? It was very disappointing standing there waiting. Are they there, or are they only the ghosts of former days that mock us? Thursday was great fun with two jolly hunts. The first from Watgall was a 5-mile point to Ufton. The ford over the brook was saddle high, but in they went—some lost their hats and some their heads, and went down stream, all emerging except poor Robin who went right under. We wonder what he said (not aloud we hope) to a certain person.



Parliamentary Ladies: Left—Mrs. Slazenger and Mrs. Douglas Grant; right—Lady Belper and Lady Darnley. Mrs. Douglas Grant's brother, Sir John Hugo Rutherford (not to be confused with the owner of Orpen) won Edge Hill by a large majority at the General Election

## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

"WELL, well," says she, sitting back in her chair, "here's the end of the active golfing season." What are we all going to do? One golfer is frank; she writes to me, "I am now going to hibernate and hunt. If I meet the ground too abruptly you will write a nice obituary notice about me, won't you?" A most excellent plan that, not the writing of the obituary notice, but the hibernation and the hunting, for any golfer who has reached a really exalted position. However lightly you may try to take this blessed Royal and Ancient game, championships, when you have expectations of winning them, and other matches when it is your obvious duty to do so, must take a great deal out of a golfer, and if she is wise she will get right away from the game in the off season.

The budding golfer, on the other hand, needs an entirely different prescription. The bud must be transformed into a blossom. If she has done pretty well during the last season the young bud will make as sure as ever she reasonably can that she does still better next year. Perhaps she will have a few lessons, if hers is the sort of game that benefits by them (and if the miserable exchequer will run to them), or plenty of friendly games when she can try all sorts of experiments, such as taking wood out of questionable lies, pitching boldly up to the pin regardless of any safety first methods which would take her round by a safer route, determination to be past the hole with every putt even if she sometimes runs out of holing distance. Or there is systematic practice with some club or another,

whichever is the wreckling of the family. The trouble, or rather the beauty of one club practice is

that when you have practised your weakest shot systematically for several days it will probably become your strongest. Then you start all over again with one of the others, and so on and so forth until, in mind's eye at least, all the shots are perfect.

The prophets are predicting a hard winter. If they are right there is certainly nothing to be done about it. Only a lunatic plays golf in the snow, only a criminal walks over frost-bound greens doing irreparable damage to the grass underneath. Far better betake yourself to a rink or, better still, the genuine article outdoors, and develop all

those wonderful hip movements which, according to the latest golfing theories are the essence of long driving and all the golfing virtues as well as of skating. If balance is essential to golf (and that is a very pet theory of mine), the skating—like dancing—can make its contribution to the golfers' make-up. There is always the carpet to putt on indoors, and if anybody ventures to suggest to me that the carpet is an entirely different pace to any green you will meet, at all events in winter time, they do so at their own peril, for that will start me off in full spate on another pet theory of mine, namely, that the pace of the green matters remarkably little once you have learnt to hit the ball truly, and hitting the ball truly may be learnt just as well on a carpet as anywhere else.

Now a good many people say that winter golf is not worth playing; it seems to me to depend rather on what you mean by worth playing. I do not suggest that the Open Championship, an International match against the United States, or the County Finals should be played in mid-winter upon some of the courses that I can think of within thirty miles of Charing Cross. Other counties can also think of equally unsuitable winter



Lady Alness in action. On the left is Miss Dorea Stanhope and on the right is a mere glimpse of Mrs. Robert Fleming



An echo of "The Star" finals: The Walton Heath team. In front—Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ernest Hill, and Mrs. Knight; standing—Mrs. Hewen, Miss J. Hughes, Mrs. Ramsay, and Miss J. Spurling

venues. But for sheer practice there is much to be learnt from a heavy course, if only the negative virtue of not dropping your shoulder too much, and at least it has the merit of keeping you fit. The golfer who really hibernates will come back to the game in the Spring so flabby in the arms that by the end of 18 holes she will find it very difficult to swing the club with proper control. So, unless she is self-restraining enough to start playing only a few holes at a time she will get into all sorts of bad habits which may stick to her for the rest of the season. It is all very difficult; perhaps the golfer who has gone hunting is the wisest of all.



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A WOUNDED WARRIOR AND HIS DOCTOR

This spaniel dog was run over by a motor-car—one of numerous unfortunate victims, human and canine—and is here seen in the R.S.P.C.A. dispensary at Gillingham, Kent, where he is doing as well as can be expected

Royce. Never on any of *their* cars have I found an instrument that was more than the tiniest bit out, and if it erred it was usually on the right side. But the other day I struck a piece of clock-work that recorded the mileage with quite extraordinary fidelity, and yet was well over 15—indeed very nearly 20—per cent. wrong as to its estimate of pace. A good many previous cases have approached that degree of error, but none have been quite so bad. And it was perhaps the less pardonable since that car was a nice thing both to drive and to ride in, free from fuss and worry, glib, and quiet; but it does make you think, all the same when ancients of days, loaded to the gunwale with fat old women, pass you with consummate ease when you are supposed to be doing a hectic fifty. In my county of Berks there are lots of most attractive straight and level stretches, and upon a few of these I have been to the pains of setting up measured quarter-miles and half-miles. Thus even when Brooklands is out of commission I have my means of checking up speedometer readings. I wish, from my soul, that they were not so fallacious, for to my pure mind there is a slight savour of false pretences about it all. As a matter of fact, the whole thing (whatever it may have been in previous times) is supremely silly, for, according to my experience, very few people to-day buy just ordinary cars on the strength of their ultimate speed. They are far more concerned with much more important qualities. I sometimes wish that the technical department of the Royal Automobile Club would take in hand the job of certifying, or officially recalibrating, speedometers at a small but inclusive fee. That might do something towards damming the stream of “average speed” lies that are told in golf clubs over the week-ends. I don’t mind a man averaging within a few miles of the maximum of his car, but when it comes to his claiming five miles more, for eight hours on end, than what I know to be his maximum, I can only wilt, or fume, uncomfortably. Mind you, there is another side to the question. Once upon a time I discussed this matter with a car-builder, whose quality of engaging frankness will always make me esteem him highly. He admitted right away that most of his dials were flatterers of the grossest description. “But,” says he, “that fact clearly makes me a general benefactor. These idiotic new drivers think they are doing sixty when they are only just over fifty, and consequently they are nothing like so much a public danger as they might be. Give them a slow-reading speedometer,” says he, “and they would be killing people right and left.” Well, there may be something in it, but, for

### Splendide Mendax

Long and often have I pondered the morality of the inaccurate speedometer. The thing has become by way of a joke nowadays, as it has been for years (and I confess that once I sold an old *Mercédès* simply and solely because the dial was calibrated up to 120 m.p.h.), and I suppose that few people ever take any real notice of it, beside Rolls-

# Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

myself, I never had the slightest use for any kind of mathematical instrument that did not tell the cold, undiluted truth. I wonder if we shall ever find in car-makers’ catalogues this item, “Extra for guaranteed true speedometer (placed so that passengers cannot see it), 5 guineas.” More unlikely things have been known to happen.

### P. S. C.

Very few factories are really interesting, even to those who are keen on metal and mechanism, and they are mostly tediously alike, but now and again one finds something quite out of the ordinary, and I must say that, if my ears did not, my eyes very thoroughly enjoyed a visit to that fine plant at Cowley where pressed steel bodywork is built. Nay, that last word is scarcely right; for the components are smacked out like bits of raw pastry and put together with the celerity and facility with which a youngster handles a Meccano outfit. It is a wonderful sight—this range of towering relentless presses, quite Dantesque in mien, which at a single bump convert a perfectly flat sheet of steel into a gracefully domed and wrinkle-free panel that presently you may identify as forming part of an Austin Twelve-Six saloon. At this works (which I should judge to be pretty well unique) they make both composite and all-steel bodies, and I understand that the latter type is rapidly increasing in popularity. Without doubt it is scientifically correct, for it is intrinsically of immense strength besides being light in weight. Also, since it is of the same kind of material all through it is unaffected by damp or differences in temperature. The way the various bits are welded together is most ingenious and a fascinating thing to watch because the whole process is so obviously free from error. For my own part I think very highly of the P. S. C. body—and there are some remarkable examples of it to be seen about, as notably the Hillman Wizards—the only thing I don’t like so much about it (and this is rather childish prejudice) is the fact that the doors shut with rather a “clang.” But you can be

(Continued on p. xxviii)



LIEUTENANT OWEN CATHCART-JONES AND KATHLEEN LADY DROGHEDA

A snapshot at the Manchester Air Port at Barton, after flying from London. Lieutenant Cathcart-Jones was with the late Commander Glen Kidston on his famous 6½ days’ flight to the Cape—a record since lowered by Miss Salaman

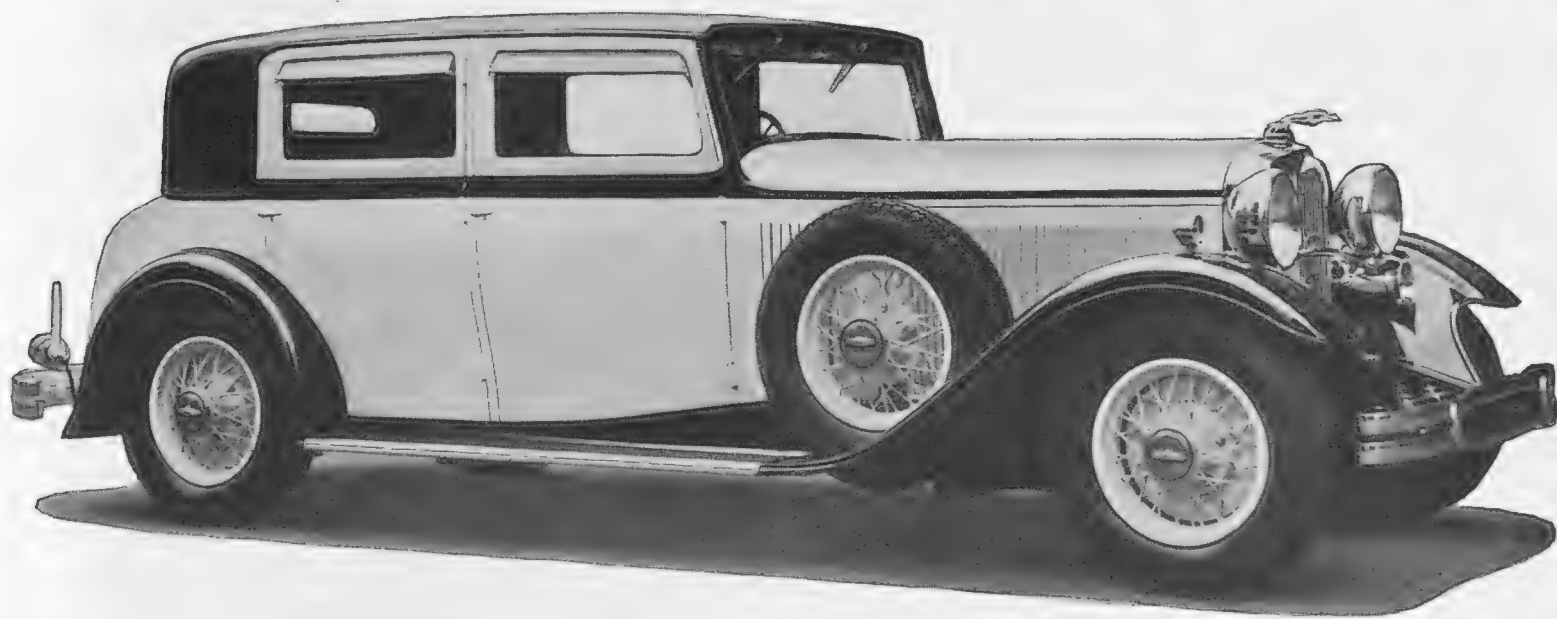
Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday



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The advanced engineer, the connoisseur of fine coachwork, the most fastidious seeker after real refinement of equipment, all accept The New LINCOLN as *The Car of Tomorrow*. In analysing the 80 Road-Trials of 1931, *The Autocar* credits a standard, stock Lincoln saloon with the third fastest time recorded, 84.90 miles per hour (*Vide p. 879, Autocar, October 30, 1931*). Its appearance, its ensemble, epitomises chastity, restraint of design and treatment. Yet, for all that

it is and does, it costs so *very, very little*, in relation to the price of any car of even remotely comparable achievement, year after year, for 100,000 miles! We would like you to see, try, drive the New LINCOLN tomorrow, imposing your own test-criteria, suggesting the most exhaustive demands on the matters of power, silence, really silken smoothness, sweetness of running. *LINCOLN salesmen have not to be importunate*. We are content to let the New LINCOLN speak for itself.

## THE NEW LINCOLN

LINCOLN CAR DEPARTMENT, FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED  
88 BEGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 REGENT 7272 (15 LINES)

## SERPENT'S EGGS

By EARDLEY BESWICK

IT was a dry and sultry day. Droughty, the oldest inhabitant called it. He took a long swig that drained the pot and carefully wiped his whiskers with the back of a wrinkled fist. "Baint no strength to beer nowadays," he complained. "Time was a man could get harvest-drunk for eighteenpence. Why, I call to mind as there'd used to be a disease called the D.Ts. Us don't catch the D.Ts nowadays, now do us, mister?"

"I've escaped the infection so far," I told him, "but I think the disease still exists."

"You can take it from me as it don't hereabouts," he assured me solemnly. "This here village be as empty of the D.Ts as this here pot be of beer, and there's no denyin' neither."

I am almost a professional hint-taker. I passed the pot over to the land'ord. "Pint of half and half?" I queried. The old one nodded approval.

"Talkin' about D.Ts," he resumed, after appraising the mixture, "I don't ever recollect tellin' you about ole George and young Ted Evans. Ole George wasn't exactly what you might call a tackful man, but 'twadden so much what he said upset young Ted, 'twas the circumstances, if you unnerstan' my meanin'."

"You see, young Ted's father had just been took to 'orspittle to be cured of seein' things as wasn't there—squirmy things of unbelievable brilliance they was, too."

"Pink slugs rampin' over the bedrail!" says ole George contemptuous-like. "Why, when me an' Harry Carver was a whole week up to Lunnun Town to Agri-cultural Show with Mr. Broad's little ole pigs and heifers, us never seen things atter it, and us'd drunk all the pubs dry by nine o'clock each night. That was a championship drunk, I tell 'ee, for there's a morn of pubs to Lunnun Town," says he, "a level score on 'em or you can call me a liar."

"You'll soon be seein' worse things than poor ole father yourself," says young Ted feelingly, "if you don't give it up. Reckon you be on the verge now."

"Atter that there was a rare ole argiment and them two scandalized each other shockin'. Young Ted were a good scholar, but ole George took some beating at an argiment. It's experience as counts atter all."

"Ted's mother kep' the shop those days or his father couldn't have afforded the D.Ts, you may be sure, an' us all used to drop in for our bits of things. That week he started tellin' one or two over the counter, secret-like, as he meant to give ole George a fright as'd last 'im. He said as how if we kep' a still tongue and turn up in the snug on Sat'd'y night us might

see summat. Only whatever us seen us weren't to let on, but just go on talkin' as if 'twas nothin' out of the ornary."

"So come Sat'd'y night us was all there, that is all the reg'lars, and the way young Ted play up ole George was shameful, apologizin' to him, and treatin' him, and askin' atter his health as if he'd been a babby instead of a tough ole ancient man as'd never known a day's illness in his life. Ole George

never refused nothin', so come half hour to closin' time he was throttle-full and more 'uman than us'd ever known him."

"Bout this time young Ted took out a packet of gaspers and stuck one in his mouth. 'Ave one, Arry?' he says to me, and winks. 'Ave one, George? 'Ave one, Bill?' and so on all round. Seein' as they was free no one refused, and ole George lit up with the rest."

"Well, atter a bit, believe me or believe me not, a ghastly little old snake began to crawl aot of the end of ole George's gasper, wrigglin' and squirmin' most alarmin'. If young Ted 'adn't 've prepared us I don't know what might have happened, but as it was us chaps played up noble."

"Funny thing was the way ole George wouldn't let on he seen anything. He looked a bit ghostey, though, and took 'old 'ard of the edge of the table. Rest of us was makin' believe to behave nattral and jabberin' away like sparrers by that time."

"Little ole snake drop off atter a bit, and he goed on squirmin' and wrigglin' longside the old un's pot. At that ole George puts out his fist for to squash un, but of a sudden he pulls 'isself up and looks round misbelieving-

like to see if anyone had observed 'im. Then he puts his fist in his pockets and gets up extaornary steady, and off home he goes without as much as a word to anybody. And he left 'alf a pint undrunk for the first time in his life!"

"Over Sunday some on us drifted round to shop to learn how 'twas done, and young Ted took out a little ole pill-box labelled 'Sarpints Eggs,' and lit one of they up on the counter. Maybe you've seen the like to Chrismus time, but if you was to see one in a public of a Sat'd'y night hard on closin', you'd unnerstand as 'twas a terrifyin' ordeal as some on us went through to help young Ted even up with ole George."

"Yes," said the oldest inhabitant, gazing regretfully at the inside of an empty pot. "This public lost a good customer in, ole George. Funny thing was he never would listen to them as tried to undeceive him. He stuck it out as he'd never seen nothin', and if anyone else did they must 'ave been drunk, he said. Why, he even boasted as it was only weak-minded folk as couldn't give up beer, when they'd a mind to, like him."

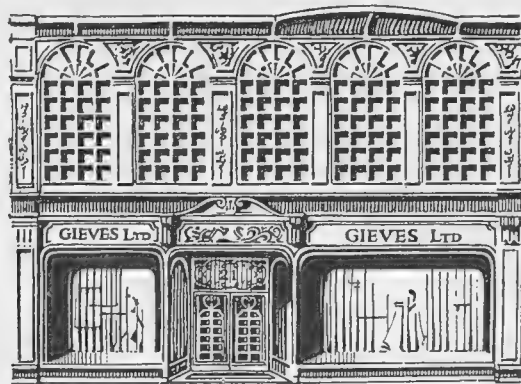


"I wonder if you could make a miniature of me. I want to go into the back of my husband's watch?"



*By Appointment.*

21,  
OLD BOND STREET  
LONDON, W.1.  
PORTSMOUTH  
SOUTHAMPTON  
EDINBURGH  
LIVERPOOL  
GIBRALTAR



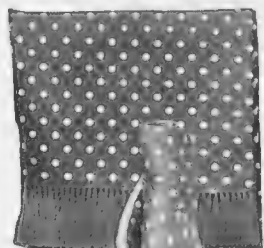
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1785 — MEN'S OUTFITTERS, TAILORS · HATTERS · HOSIERS — 1931

**XMAS GIFTS**  
*at Gieves Ltd.*



"Gieves" Xmas Gifts for both men and women are as varied as they are appropriate. There is something to suit all purses and tastes. Every offering combines Bond Street quality and distinction.



"THE SKETCH" says:—

"Eternally youthful in contour and complexion is the woman who uses the Ganesh Beauty Preparations of Eleanor Adair."

Try these  
renowned British  
Beauty Preparations  
and notice the added beauty  
they impart—

If you want to look your best try the invigorating help of Eleanor Adair's Ganesh Preparations—beautiful women the world over use them exclusively. A few minutes spent each day the Eleanor Adair way, will give you a skin of extreme loveliness and restore the graceful contours of elegant youth. Below are a few of the Ganesh Preparations which Eleanor Adair strongly recommends. Remember, all the Adair preparations are specially prepared in the Adair Salons and have been awarded Medals and Certificates for their supreme purity.

Obtainable from leading stores and chemists or will be sent direct in plain cover, with book of instructions.

*Eleanor Adair will be pleased to give free advice on the Care and Treatment of the Skin, Eyes and Hair, if ladies will write her or call at the Adair Salons, or a Special Booklet for Home Beauty Treatment will be sent on application.*

#### GANESH CLEANSING CREAM

For thoroughly cleansing the skin. Invaluable for motoring or when travelling.

2/-, 5/- & 7/6

#### GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD

Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins.

2/- & 5/-

#### GANESH LILY LOTION

Is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it soft and fair. It is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Is specially recommended for Evening Use. Can be used as a liquid powder.

4/6, 6/6 & 8/6

#### GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

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#### GANESH DIABIE SKIN TONIC

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores and ensures a complexion of the finest texture.

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#### GANESH CHIN STRAP

Keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins.

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Medical Profession.

# "I ADVISE —"

by M. E. BROOKE



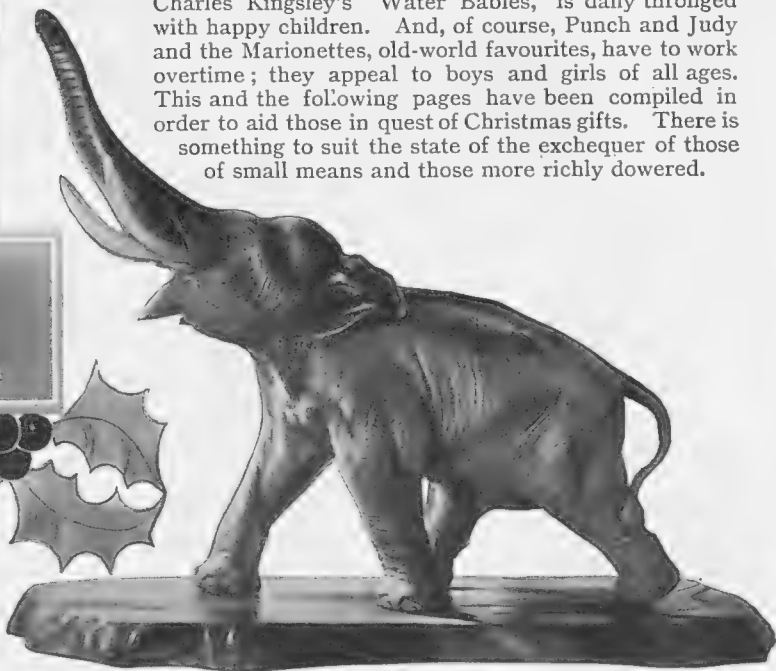
## XMAS GIFTS

An aeroplane or galleon in crackers from Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, as they show the great changes that have taken place in the world of travel. The perfectly modelled bronze elephant at the base of this page comes from Liberty's, Regent Street. It represents India and the Colonies and all that they mean to the British Empire

There are changes everywhere nevertheless, the time-honoured greeting of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" will be on the lips of everyone during the ensuing weeks. In days gone by wondrous galleons brought gifts to Britain from the outposts of the Empire; to-day they come by aeroplane and other modern modes of transportation. The Great Christmas Shopping Carnival is in progress, and it is a matter for congratulation that enthusiastic shoppers are buying British goods for Yuletide gifts. The set pieces at the bazaars are decidedly British. There is the Cheddar Gorge, famous all the world over for its cheese. A fairy cave under the sea inspired by Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," is daily thronged with happy children. And, of course, Punch and Judy and the Marionettes, old-world favourites, have to work overtime; they appeal to boys and girls of all ages. This and the following pages have been compiled in order to aid those in quest of Christmas gifts. There is something to suit the state of the exchequer of those of small means and those more richly dowered.



All British are this perfume and powder from Floris of Jermyn Street. The fragrance of every flower in an old-world garden has been captured by this notable perfumer; there are over two score from which to choose. The cut-glass bowl and vase for bath salts are available in several shades



Pictures by Blake

# "I advise ~" INDIVIDUAL PRESENTS!



Something bearing the name of Sheaffers, who are the makers of Lifetime pens, pencils and desk sets. Illustrated is a double desk stand, a single desk stand and a gift box containing pen, pencil and golf pencil which are sure to please

Something ornamental. There are ever so many attractive things of this character at the Army & Navy Stores, Victoria Street, among them being these fascinating floral ornaments; they are made of glass and china, the colour schemes being of great beauty and originality



The artistic lamp from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.; it is made from an old French map, and is only one of the many decidedly original lamps that may be seen in these salons. And of course there is a profusion of lovely cushions



Something that is different from Jays, Regent Street—the dressing-table set above; it is of ivory ornamented with painted Watteau pictures; the miniature watch which is in book form is enamelled. There is also a variety of pochettes and synthetic jewellery



The particularly useful case below from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, as it contains bottles and jars sufficient for every aid to beauty. The beer set is sure to appeal to a man, for whom it is so difficult to choose a present



Pictures by Blake

# This overnight cleansing begins beneath the skin . . .

## look for the difference in the morning



Do you remember how fair and clear your skin used to be when you were a child? It never needed beauty treatment then—and it wouldn't now, if you always kept it crystal-clear *within and without*. It is acid waste, the insidious result of tiredness and overstrain, that collects beneath the surface of the skin—clogging and discolouring it. So many suffer from it—nobody need.

You see—a child's skin is always clear because it can throw off the superfluous matter as easily as breathing. But later

it loses this elasticity and then all that acid waste must be *drawn* out. Mere beauty treatments fail here or give only fleeting loveliness. Cyclax alone provides a lotion that actually *attracts* acid waste. Overnight, while you sleep, it draws every particle to the surface of your face, ready to be creamed away with skinfood before washing in the morning.

That is what all my years of specialised research are able to achieve for you in just a few days—a skin like a child's. After the lotion has done its work ten minutes of this simple Cyclax discipline every night and morning are all you need. A little massage with one of the nourishing Cyclax skinfoods; a morning wash with soap and water to remove every trace of cream or grease; a final finish before powdering with Cyclax liquid non-greasy powder base—and your skin is perfectly prepared for the day soap and water clean; *naturally* lovely.

*Frances Hemming.*

**Cyclax Special Lotion** draws acid waste from the skin. 5/6. 10/6.

**Cyclax Skin Food** nourishes and braces. Cyclax Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins, Cyclax Special "E" Skinfood for relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skinfood for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/-. 7/6.

**Cyclax Complexion Milk** (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/-. 7/6.

**Cyclax Soap.** Has an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of Skinfood. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

**Cyclax Blended Lotion.** A non-greasy powder base. For dry skins Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6. 8/6.

**Cyclax Cleansing Lotion.** Excellent for cleansing the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/-. 7/6.

**Cyclax Powder.** In seven shades or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6. 6/6.

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country.

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Service Advertising

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Send to-day for the free Cyclax Book "The Art of being Lovely". It gives you full directions for using Cyclax and helps with your own special skin difficulties.

### FREE ADVICE

If you cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street. She will give you experienced advice on your own individual problems.

# CYCLAX



A tea trolley with china tea service from Gamaiges, Holborn, and, of course, the guests must include a dressed nigger doll, a baby doll, and a felt doll, accompanied by their pet dogs



A mechanical train from Bassett-Lowke of High Holborn, seen at the top of the page on the right. The miniature has great fascination for all boys and girls. There are miniature model trains and ships, there are models of boats found in Egyptian tombs, to say nothing of the marionettes

## The Xmas Tree



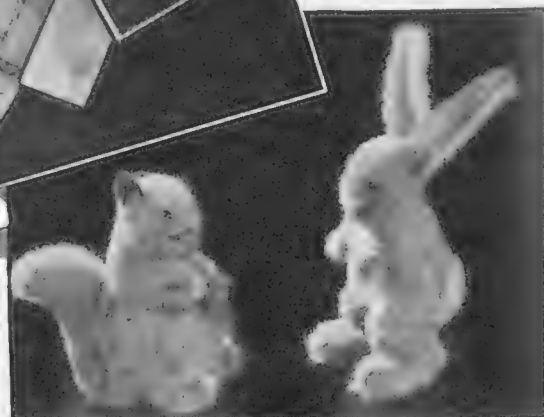
Something useful for the sovereign of the nursery from the Treasure Cot Co., Oxford Street, W. There are knitted jackets and bonnets, hot water bottles and covers, socks, shoes, as well as beads the colours of which cannot be removed by constant sucking

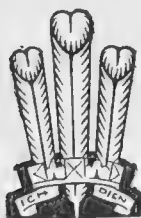


An all-British toy from Peter Robinson's, Oxford St. Illustrated is the Jolly Sailor Boy dressed in velvet, and an all-steel model of a dock crane; also a six-wheeler transport mechanical tipping lorry with balloon rubber tyres



A box of three fine linen handkerchiefs from Steinmann's, Piccadilly, trimmed with real Flemish lace; they are half-a-guinea. For the tiny tot there are soft animals, including tiny squirrels and rabbits

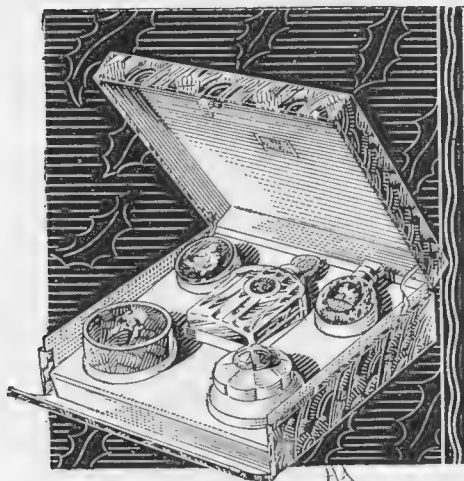




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none is so sure of  
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*The Lovable Fragrance*



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Lavender: In Sprinkler Bottles 2/6 to 16/6, Stopped Bottles 6/3 to 70/-, Pocket Flasks 1/9 and 3/-, Lavender Soap — "THE LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD" — 2/6 a box of three tablets, English Complexion Cream 3/-, Complexion Powder 1/9, etc.

Gift Cases from 2/6 to 21/-, and Gift Cases "For Men" from 3/- to 10/6.



*The All-Purpose  
Complexion Cream*



Best loved of Perfumes that fashion ever sponsored, the famous Yardley Lavender is treasured all over the world for the incomparable freshness and charm of its fragrance.

Gifts of the Perfume, or Cases of toilet articles — perfumed with the same exquisite fragrance, are a very part of Christmas; and where could you find one more suitable for gay youth, or her mother, and her mother too?

# "I advise—"

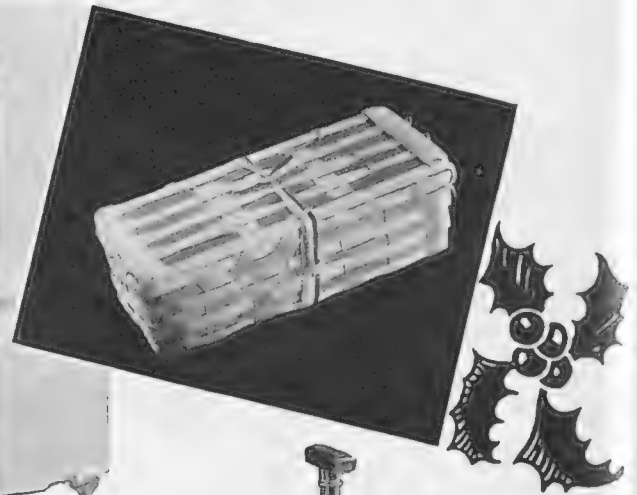


Wines, spirits, or cigars from such a well-known source as Hedges and Butler, Regent Street. The booklet on wines and the Christmas list should be studied with care



A case of Buchanan's Black and White Whisky, as the spirit of Christmas is embodied in it; also the Liqueur Scotch Whisky. They are everywhere renowned for age and quality

The famous British liqueur, Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. It is obtainable in bottles, half bottles, quarter bottles and flasks, or packed in a charming hamper all ready for posting



Johnnie Walker Whisky, packed in an appropriate case, decorated with holly in red and green and the well-known figure which links up Johnnie Walker with the connoisseurs of the Regency

Asprey's (New Bond Street) magic spirit table. It is operated by lifting a handle and is closed with a touch. It is made of finely figured English walnut or mahogany



## "ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK"



Pictures by Blake

*All for Beauty*



## *Fascinating to Choose, Enchanting to Receive*

### *Exquisite Christmas Presents from Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

Here are the most charming of all presents; things beautiful in themselves and designed to enhance her own loveliness. Each one is a subtle flattery. Perfume that is like the aura of her personality. Powders to bloom on her velvet cheek. Delicate rouges for lips and nails. Alluring shadows for her sparkling eyes. Every one in a case modelled with an artist's eye and a jeweller's cunning.

**BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER** *An exquisite powder, sifted to the utmost fineness and tinted in all the newest and subtlest shades—* 4/3.

**VANITY CASE** *A slim powder compact in a charming round black and silver case—* 2/3.

**OBLONG VANITY CASE** *of silver and black enamel. Single (powder only) 6/6. Double (powder and rouge) 10/6. Double with lipstick 12/6.*

**TRIPLE VANITY SET** *The smartest vanity set ever designed. In a fascinating modernist case with the new double-hinged opening. Powder, Rouge, and Cream Rouge 21/-. With lipstick 27/6.*

**NEW PURMASQUE** *To give an alluring darkness and a sweeping curve to the eyelashes. In a slender silver box 4/3. Refills 2/-.*

**PERFUME APRES TOUT** *A scent for the sophisticated, gay yet subtle. In a crystal flask 15/-.*

**PERFUME LILAS** *The very breath of a sun-warmed lilac bush. Price 23/3, or in a flaconette for the handbag 6/9.*

**PERFUME JASMIN** *One of the most romantic and delicate of flower scents. Price 27/-, or in a flaconette 6/9.*

**BRILLIANTINE** *A new brilliantine that gives the hair a wonderful sheen without a trace of stickiness. Men and women appreciate it equally. In a smart round bottle 2/3.*

Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists.

**BEAUTY ADVICE WITHOUT CHARGE.** *Harriet Hubbard Ayer has devoted a lifetime to making women beautiful, and her advice is always at your disposal. Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, and consult her experts about your beauty problems. Or write there for her free booklet "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home.*

# HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

## BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS



# "I advise—" BEAUTY GIFTS

A beauty box from Eleanor Adair's, 30, Old Bond Street, W., and of course it should be accompanied by a large bottle of Skin Tonic, which many women with sensitive skins substitute for water



A wool lace breakfast jacket from Jaeger's 352, Oxford Street; this one is 39s. 6d. and is trimmed with swansdown



A bottle of Houbigant's Etude Perfume as it is subtle, yet not too heavy, delicate yet lasting. Its true fragrance gradually emerges from a medley of strange appealing notes



A bottle of Worth's "Je Reviens" perfume with its faint fragrance of the flowers of jessamine, briar rose, and heliotrope



A Dubarry's Lavender Diffuser and match box. It is a reproduction of an antique Georgian spice box, which may be used in three different ways: as a perfume diffuser, as a combined match box and perfume diffuser, and as a match box



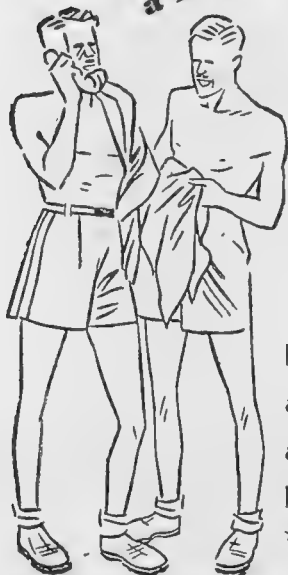
4711 Eau de Cologne in an artistic container bearing the well-known blue and gold label. There are wicker-covered bottles, flat fancy glass containers, Jacobean decanters and neat pocket flasks

Pictures by Blake



"Sweetheart, I'm putting on Sansheen,  
those wonderful Kayser stockings with  
the dull finish!"

"They sound more like  
a bright beginning to me!"



**KAYSER**

Pure, flawless silk—fashionable dull finish—  
all latest shades—Kayser Sansheen\* Stockings  
are sold everywhere from 9/11. Other  
Kayser fashions from 6/11.

★ Trade Mark applied for: made in U.S.A. Wholesale Distributor: C. J. Davis, 3 Prince's St., Cavendish Sq., London, W.1

"I ADVISE—"

intimate  
gifts

British-made bags from Debenham and Freebody's Wigmore Street, W. There is the calf pochette, on which the owner's own dog may be painted. There is a brown crocodile bag and a decidedly novel affair carried out in pillar-box red patent leather



An evening bag from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. Pictured is a veritable chef d'oeuvre in deep orange and white beads and another of exquisitely-worked petit point

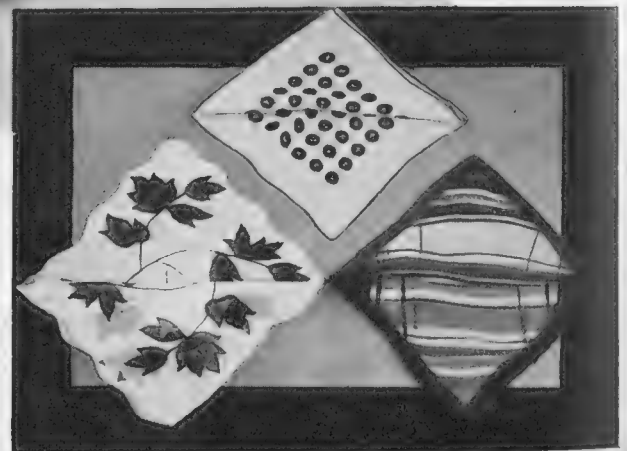


Pure silk jackdaw stockings, as they are entirely British made. They have seamless feet and the new square heel, and are available in all the fashionable colours



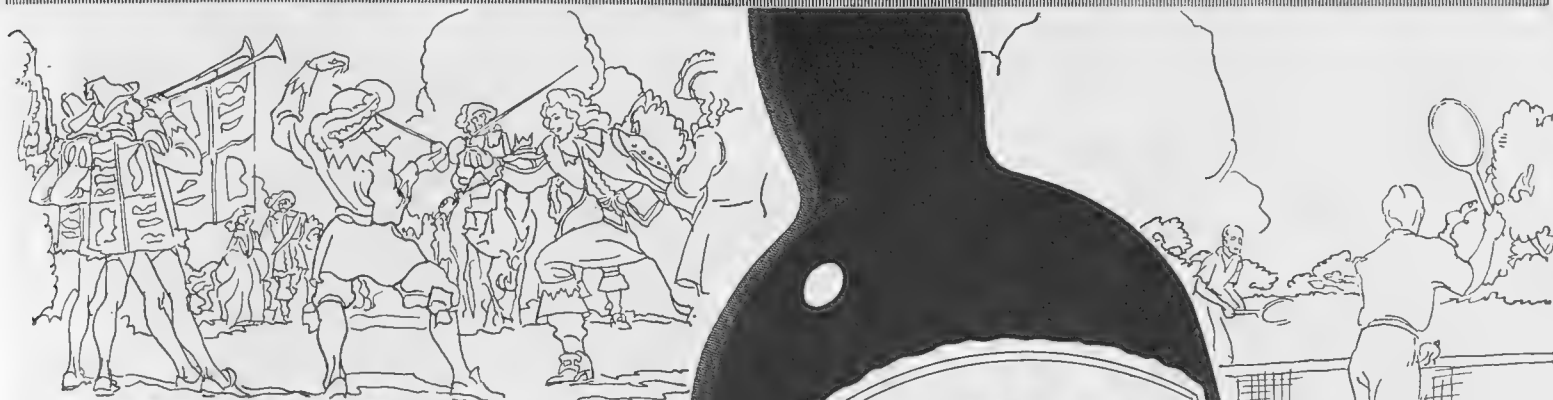
An accessory from the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street. There are the fashionable black-and-white kid gauntlet gloves as well as the fabric ones, to say nothing of the charming necklaces

The bolster night-dress case from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, is on the right. It is carried out in taffeta and lamé, and, of course, some of the artistically printed chiffon and pure linen handkerchiefs



Pictures by Blake

# AN ALTERATION WITHOUT A CHANGE



## IN AN AGE OF PASSING FASHIONS

In the years long gone by my Lords and Ladies loved the flourish of trumpets and the clash of steel meeting steel.... To-day, though the competitive instinct remains, it takes simpler form of indulgence....

The luxurious label that first adorned Dunville's Whisky nearly a hundred years ago was in keeping with the spirit of its day. But now it has been simplified in harmony with modern ideas of good taste. The flavour of Dunville's itself, of course, remains unaltered. *That*, in every age, is always in the best of good taste! Only the label is different—and we illustrate it here, confident....



THAT YOU MAY  
KNOW AN OLD  
FRIEND BY ITS  
NEW LABEL



IF YOU PREFER  
WHISKY...DRINK  
DUNVILLE'S

ESTABLISHED

1808

D.A.—N.86

# "I advise—" Wearable Presents

This black felt hat with soft curled white quills from Burberry's in the Haymarket; its welcome would be increased were it accompanied with the grey and white printed crêpe de chine scarf

This simple, although decorative coatee from Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street; it is expressed in lovely multi-coloured brocade; the puffed sleeves are a very important feature

This lovely silver fox stole from Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street, W., as it is the ambition of every well-dressed woman to own an accessory in this flattering fur

The simple blouse on the right from Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street; it is carried out in printed crêpe de chine and is finished with a becoming collar

The short white coney coat from the National Fur Company, 193, Brompton Road. It may be acquired by the twelve monthly instalments system



# Choose Fragrant Gifts

Let the refreshment of "4711" Eau de Cologne convey, fragrantly, your message of Goodwill. Add to your Greeting the sincerity implied by that superlative excellence for which there is no substitute. "4711" is a really genuine Eau de Cologne of the highest quality—an exhilarating toiletry for the very discriminating.

For Christmas Gifts "4711" Eau de Cologne is appropriately packed in especially attractive forms—in Gift Caskets, Glass Decanters and other artistic containers each readily recognisable by the famous label of Blue and Gold.



"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In fancy glass decanters to adorn  
the dressing table 15/-, 27/6 and  
40/-

"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In wicker covered bottles: con-  
venient when travelling—7/6,  
8/6, 12/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6

"4711" Presentation Cases  
Containing "4711" Eau de  
Cologne and "4711" Blue and  
Gold Toiletries. Price 3/3 to  
26/6 each.



"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In other convenient sizes for  
every purpose and a wide  
range of prices including  
2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 15/6  
and 36/-

"4711" Eau de Cologne  
In pear shaped bottle with  
nickel screw cap - 10/6



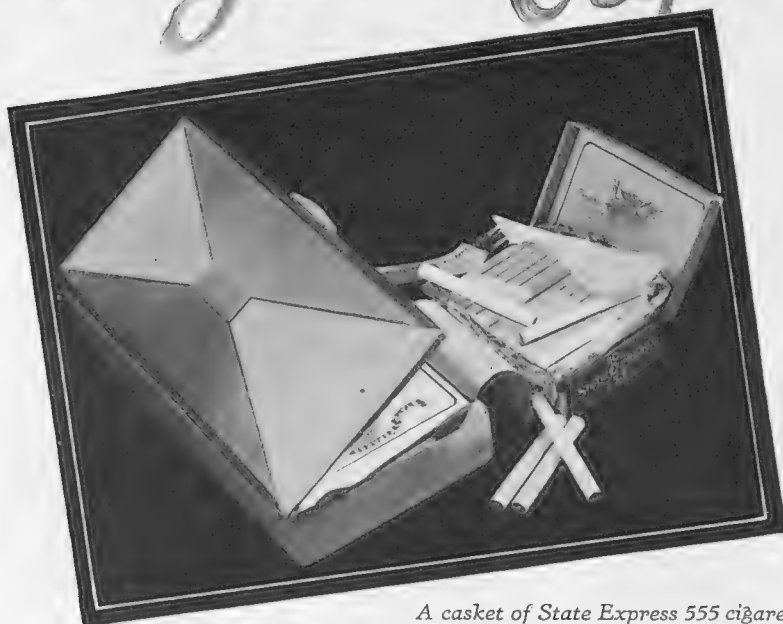
Gar. E.C. 21 a

## Genuine Eau de Cologne

Blue & Gold Label

# "I ADVISE—"

## Your Favourite Cigarette



A dressing-gown for a man from R. W. Forsyth's, 115, Regent Street. The model pictured is of cashmere with collar and cuffs of plain silk. It is moderately priced at 3½ guineas and is available in many colour schemes



A casket of State Express 555 cigarettes. There are the engine-turned silver-plated casket, the golden casket, and then there are those packed in "Innovation" style for greater convenience; they contain 150, 250, 500, or 1,000 cigarettes

Piccadilly cigarettes, as they are Carreras, oversize and de luxe, cigarettes. They are packed in handsome strongly-made boxes. Money can buy no better Virginia leaf than that from the Old Belt and Eastern Carolina



A gift cabinet of Abdulla's Turkish, Egyptian, or Virginia cigarettes. They are obtainable mixed or all Turkish or all Virginia. Prices range from a modest 6s. to 4 guineas

A box of Player's Medium Navy Cut cigarettes, also a tin of No. 3 Virginias; Neither must the "Bachelor," with cork-tip, be overlooked, and then there is the Airman Navy Cut tobacco, sold in quarter pound tins, as well as the Airman and Digger (Empire grown) Flake, and of course, there is the excellent Medium Navy Cut tobacco

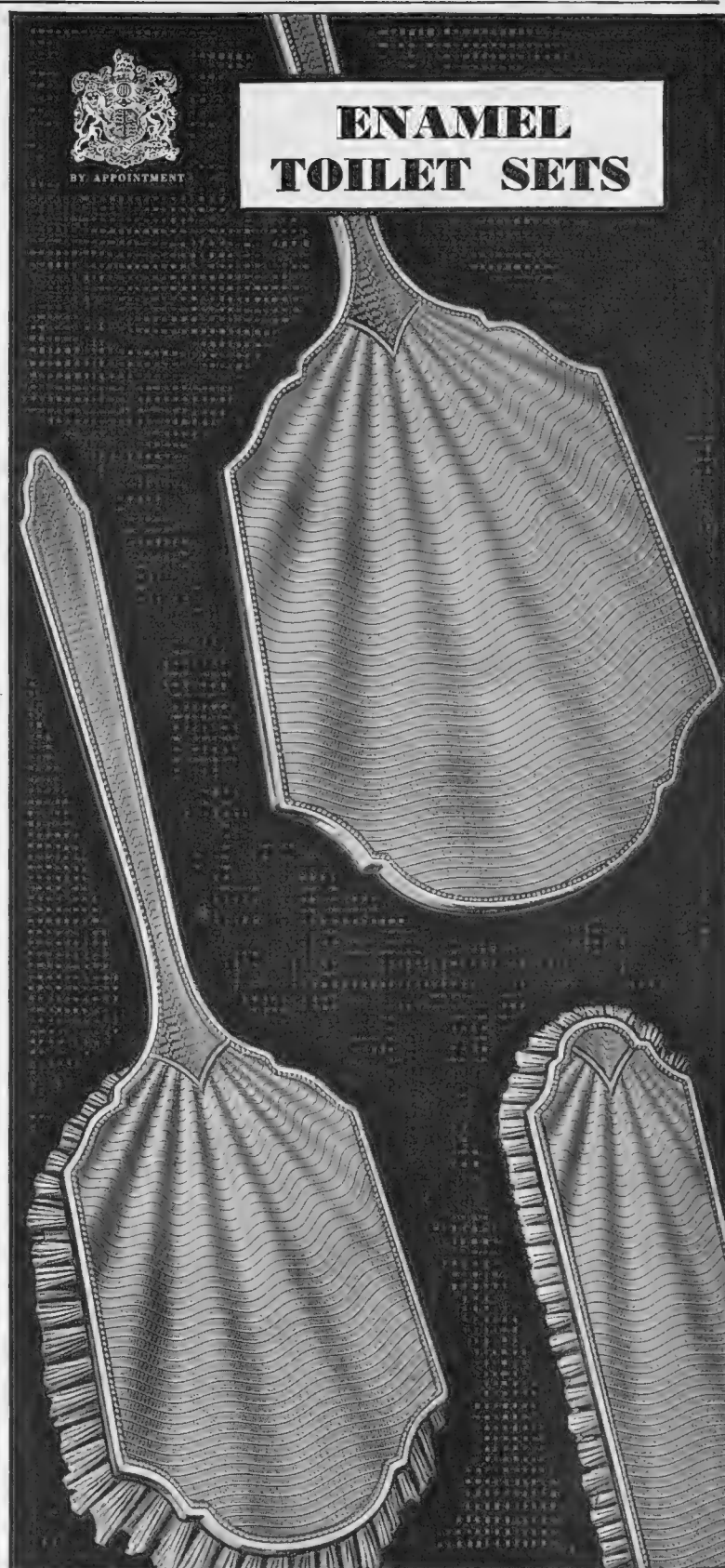


**These British made bags**  
are as smart as any you  
could find in Europe



1. A black stitched crêpe-de-chine bag, satin lined and with Marcasite clasp £7 17s. 6d. 2. A bag in black crêpe-de-chine with an exquisitely jewelled frame £24 10s. 3. A black satin bag, stitched and envelope shaped with a coloured *motif*. Also in white beige satin £4 2s. 6d. 4. In black crêpe-de-chine with a lovely modernistic Marcasite mount £5 15s

**F O R T N U M**  
**a n d M A S O N**  
182 PICCADILLY LONDON W 1



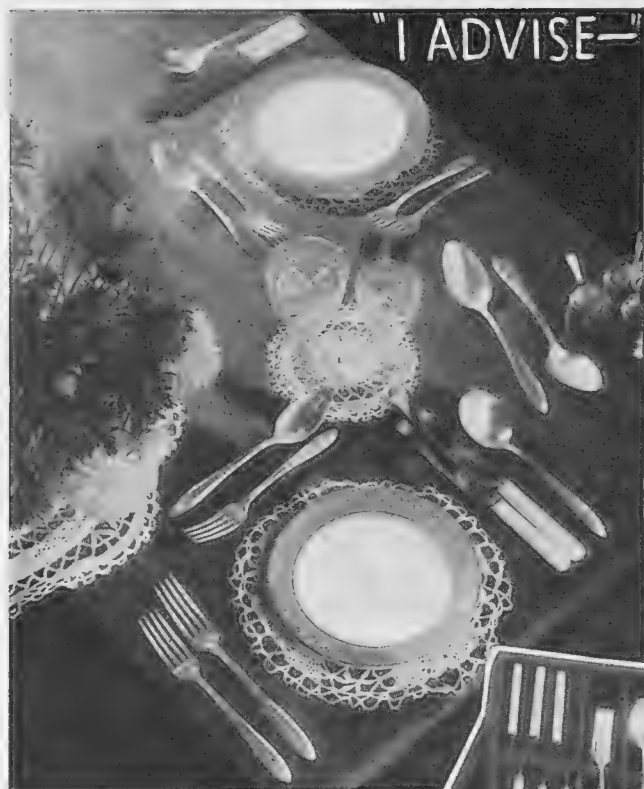
Sterling silver gilt and enamel six-piece Toilet Set .. £9.  
Colours: blue, green and beige. Please write for Catalogue.

**The GOLDSMITHS &  
SILVERSMITHS  
COMPANY • LTD**

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS TO H.M. THE KING

**112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1**

CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET. NO OTHER ADDRESS



A Duo Service canteen of Community Plate which may be fitted for a service of eight people or six. It is of oak or mahogany and fits into the sideboard drawer. The movable top is in the form of a tray; this is an advantage



That the good old wish shall be expressed with a box of Kunzle's chocolates. They are delicious, and as a consequence they appeal to old and young alike. Furthermore, they are so decorative that they increase the charm of any dinner-table no matter the season of the year



A hamper from Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W. The one pictured is packed with all the things that make Christmas what it is. There is a turkey, a ham, an iced cake, and bottles containing "just another drink" that are always highly appreciated at Christmas and New Year



Among W. and R. Jacob's all-British biscuits there is something for everyone; some are covered with chocolates, and there are others that may well be christened "surprises"; they have been specially made for the gourmet, as well as cream crackers. And then there are the Christmas and birthday cakes



# Xmas Fare



Pictures by Blake



St. AUGUSTINE'S  
CANTERBURY.  
6th CENTURY

# "The Antiquary"

Just as good  
with water  
as with soda.

The First Old Liqueur  
SCOTCH WHISKY

CHRISTMAS—  
THE TIME OF GOODWILL

Nothing will prove your goodwill better than offering your friends something Better. Something they can instantly appreciate as supreme in flavour, mellowness and mature perfection—The "ANTIQUARY."

Should you have difficulty in obtaining supplies, write for name and address of the nearest agent, to

*Make it Your  
Home Whisky*

J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH.



On top shelf: Bowl, "CHICORY," £1 1s.;  
Perfume Bottle, "SWALLOWS," £1 5s.;  
Vase, "RANUNCULUS," £3 3s.

On second shelf: Vase, "PIRIAC," £5 5s.;  
Sandwich Box, "TOKIO," £2 12s. 6d.

On table: Bowl, "HOLLYBERRIES," 15s.;  
Small Box, "ST. NECTAIRE," 15s.;  
Vase, "ST. FRANCIS," £3 3s.

## LALIQUE GLASS for CHRISTMAS GIFTS

AT Breves' Lalique Galleries you will find a great and varied array of Christmas presents—all original, all beautiful, and many of astonishingly low cost. Come and make a selection soon—or you can order by post with equal confidence. A copy of "The Art of René Lalique," with catalogues illustrating Lalique Glass and Lalique Lights, will be forwarded for 1s. 6d. Orders despatched to all parts of the world.

**BREVES' Lalique  
GALLERIES**

2 BASIL ST., SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W. 3  
(Lift to Galleries)

(Close to Knightsbridge Underground)

Telephone: Kensington 1928-7471

"I advise —" **CHEERIO!**



As men are conservative in their tastes, a gift case of King George IV whisky containing one or two bottles. It is obtainable everywhere at home and abroad in one quality only, the best



As the festive season is approaching a suit-case containing six of Gordon's cocktails accompanied by bottles of orange and lemon gin. This does, indeed, make a handsome gift



A bottle of Otard's brandy, as at all seasons of the year it is a welcome gift. It is distilled from the best wines in the delimited district of Cognac and is excellent



The "Tappitt-Hen" up-to-date; when the box is unpacked the creatures marshalled in order are penguin, elephant, and chicken, containing respectively Crème de Menthe, Curaçao, and Kummel. They come from Erven Lucas Bols

A bottle of Mackinlay's M.L. as it is twelve years old with a true and mellow Highland flavour about it. Not quite as old but almost as good is Mackinlay's V.O.B. Both are obtainable in three, six, and twelve-bottle cases



Pictures by Blal e

# Perrier

THE

MOST REMARKABLE

natural sparkling spring

in the world

is

**BRITISH OWNED**



THE CHAMPAGNE OF TABLE WATERS

PERRIER LTD. 27 BANKSIDE, LONDON, S.E.1. TELEPHONE HOP 4031



A three-bottle "White Horse" (Whisky) wireless cabinet, the cost of which is 37s. 6d., no extra charge being made for the package. Another excellent gift case is the "White Horse" two-bottle lucky horse-shoe case, price 25s. It will most assuredly appeal to those who believe in luck

Sanderson's Vat 69 Scotch Whisky as it expresses in itself the good cheer of the grand old Christmas season. Cases of it go all over the world. There is just a touch of piquancy added to this whisky's obvious merits by the fact that it is still owned by the family that has always owned it. It has stood the test of time



Crawford's Three Star Special Reserve Whisky and Five Star very old Liqueur, which costs a little more. Both are packed in special presentation cases. They are sure of a warm welcome

"I advise—"



Holloway's Dry London Gin, as Christmas time is also cocktail party time. As it is double-distilled and crystal-clear, it is the ideal gin for long as well as short drinks

That the time-honoured wish, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," be conveyed with a bottle of Prince Charlie's Liqueur, known by the world-famed name of Drambuie. It is indeed a liqueur of the Empire



**XMAS  
SPIRIT**



Pictures by Blake



# For your new dresses and lingerie

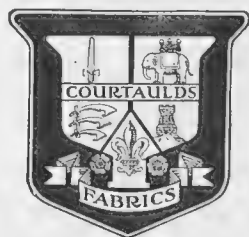


Some of the most important clothes of the year are now based all your dresses and lingerie on the use of **COURTAULDS' FABRICS**; you will thus secure the "absolutely right" shades and effects, and prevent any disappointment when your lovely raiment has to meet the tests of use. The name **COURTAULDS**, and the fact that all their products are British manufacture, will assure highest worth and truly exceptional service.



*For more than a century the name **COURTAULDS** has been associated with the production of the finest all-silk materials, and the company's Crêpe-de-Chines and Satins are stocked by leading specialists in the best shopping centres. The craft of silk weaving, in which **COURTAULDS** have always been pre-eminent, has not lapsed on account of present-day developments in the use of rayon in their Dress and Lingerie Fabrics.*

SOLD BY LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES.




LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

# COURTAULDS'

## DRESS & LINGERIE FABRICS

If any difficulty in obtaining, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to **Courtaulds Limited**, (Department F. 19), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1

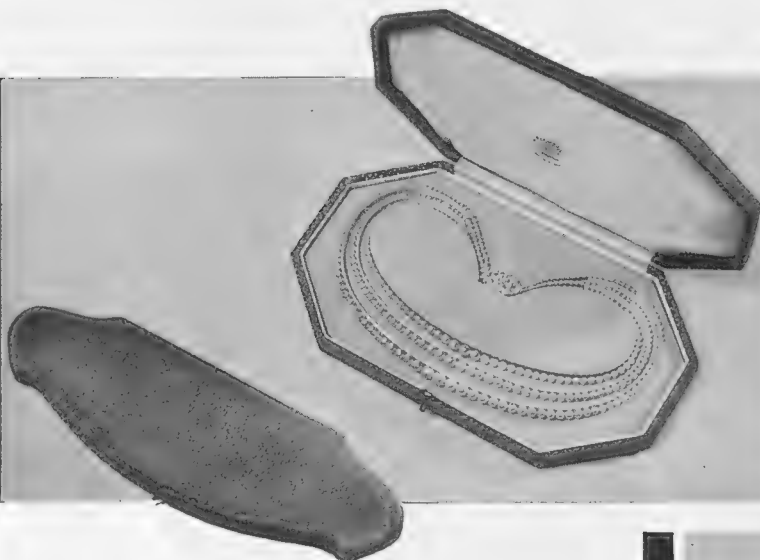
# "I advise —" useful presents



An umbrella from Brigg and Sons, 23, St. James' Street, S.W. The two on the right have multi-coloured plaited leather handles, while the one on the left has an unusual handle of white shagreen, or a special shooting-seat stick



A Conway Stewart Dinkie Pen and Duro-Point Pencil in attractive pouch case with mirror. The one pictured is all British and costs merely 12s. 6d.



Lotus pearls, as they are renowned for their wondrous beauty. There are single row necklets for 10s. 6d. in shagreen; the triple row one portrayed is 60s. Maurice Lipkin, 270, Broad Street, Birmingham, are the makers. They are sold practically everywhere



Travelling paraphernalia that bears the name of Revelation; the salons are in Piccadilly. Portrayed is a blouse-case, a waterproof-lined travelling cover, bottle case, miniature golf bag, and handbag with very reliable wrist watch



Model 102 of His Master's Voice. This instrument, in spite of the many advantages, costs no more than its predecessor, £5 12s. 6d. There are de luxe models which are obtainable in a variety of colours ranging in price from £6

SEE YOURSELF IN IT..



THE

Charnaux

BELT

... A NEW CONCEPTION OF CORSETRY. NEW ... AND UTTERLY DIFFERENT. TO WEAR A CHARNAUX IS LIKE SLIPPING INTO ANOTHER SKIN ... SO SMOOTHLY IT FITS, SO EXQUISITELY IT MOULDS THE FIGURE.

MADE FROM AN 'ANOTEX' PRODUCT, A NEW MATERIAL, AND NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH ORDINARY RUBBER. THOUSANDS OF PERFORATIONS GIVE THE CORSET THE LIGHTNESS AND COOL COMFORT OF LACE ... GRADUATED PERFORATIONS, PATTERNED AND DISTRIBUTED TO GIVE PERFECT SUPPORT WITH ABSOLUTE FREEDOM OF ACTION.

Price from 2½ guineas. At all leading stores in London and the Provinces.

THE CHARNAUX PATENT CORSET CO., LTD. (Wholesale only)  
27, RIDINGHOUSE ST., W.1. TEL. MUSEUM 4604/5

## BRITISH MADE

British Patent Nos. 246532 & 257883  
British Reg. Trade Mark No. 518026  
Charnaux's British Patent No. 236510

# AVA

## GIFTS SURE OF APPRECIATION



Gift Boxes, as shown, containing ½-oz. bottle of Eau de Cologne and two tablets of Eau de Cologne Soap 2/10.



**CHOOSE** Ava gifts and you give a present of charm. Ava Soap, fragrantly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, is treated with ultra-violet rays to increase its power to benefit the skin and keep it soft and clear and radiantly young. Ava Eau de Cologne is always the final accent to daintiness. Give one or the other — or both in a fascinating gift box — and you will be certain of their remembrance long after Christmas is forgotten.

## FOR MEN.

EAU DE COLOGNE HAIR FIXATIVE - 1/-  
AVA LAVENDER SHAVING SOAP - 1/-

Eau de Cologne ½-oz. 1/6.  
1-oz. 2/6. 2-oz. 4/9. 4-oz. 9/-.  
½-pl. wicker bottle 15/-

# AVA

AVA PRODUCTS ARE BRITISH & MADE IN LONDON

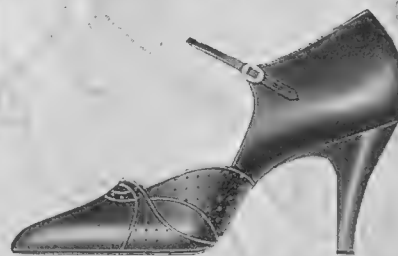
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

# THE LONDON SHOE CO. LTD.

H.5640  
Black Crepe-de-Chine evening sandal. Also in white, suitable for dyeing. 45/-



H.5638  
Black satin evening strap shoe, trimmed fancy crepe, also in white satin suitable for dyeing. 30/-



## THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED.

116 & 117 NEW BOND ST., W.1. 21 & 22 SLOANE ST., S.W.1. 260 264 REGENT ST., W.1

## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 338

Cannes grounds to be laid up for a whole fortnight through wet weather). But it would be possible to send a stud of International ponies to the Beaufort Club to be trained and schooled and conditioned under the expert management of Captain Kingscote and Mr. Thomasson, who did so well with the stud last year, and the players assembled three days a week, winter and summer. There are very few days through the winter (except, of course, during a hard frost) when play would not be possible on these grounds, and the rapidity with which they dry must be seen to be believed. It would surprise most people to know that even during the late deplorable summer, and in the whole course of our long season (five months, April to September inclusive), play was cancelled on only six days. Bert Cox has always thought, with you, that two of our principal difficulties in contending for the "cup" are climate and lack of grounds. The Beaufort Club is his effort to overcome them. If these suggestions interest you, make what use you like of this letter. You have always shown yourself a man of ideas, and have spurred me on before.

With best of luck, and hoping to see you down here again.

The following further contributions to the Old War Horse Fund (Egypt) have been received by me and paid in to the account for this fund, which Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke opened at Lloyd's Bank, Fleet, Hants:

	£	s.	d.
Captain Alec Wheeler (per			
Mrs. Wilfred Holden)	-	1	0
"Huntress" (Leicestershire)	-	3	0

Mrs. Wilfred Holden, who has worked so very hard and has achieved so much in the way of collecting for this fund, writes me that Mrs. Wilmot-Sitwell, who is so well known in the hunting world, has said that she has managed to collect a further £20, and that this has been sent on to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, direct. I gather that a bank statement of the



WITH THE GARTH: LORD AND LADY DORCHESTER

Lord Dorchester was Joint Master of these hounds for a couple of seasons, 1926-28, with Mr. H. S. Chinnock, and is a great believer in going for "work" and not blood in breeding foxhounds—which, of course, is fundamentally sound. Lady Dorchester is a daughter of the late and last Lord de Blaquièrre.

full results, since collection for this fund began in England, will be published eventually. The response, as I happen to know, has been excellent considering the hardness of the times. Of course it is a sooner or later all the poor old survivors left behind in Egypt will have been collected or died, for I should think the majority of them must now be between twenty and twenty-five years old.

An old friend of mine, Captain R. H. Campbell, has sent me a little leaflet about the new Gymkhana Club which has been started at Heath House, Baldock, Hertfordshire, and which, seeing that it is within an hour of town, ought to be just the place the jaded man of affairs wants to get rid of the cob-webs. In addition to being "contagious" to two packs of hounds, the Puckeridge and the Hertfordshire (the latter now divided into two packs), they have got three golf links quite handy, a bit of shooting—which can be "arranged" so I see, their own hard and grass tennis courts, squash, putting greens, croquet lawns, and a riding school for those who are not yet quite proficient at sitting at the jumps, and I gather can arrange the confidential hireling for either this form of exercise or for the more ambitious and dangerous fox-hunt. There are also club chambers and, I gather, a club house with all the usual appendages and appurtenances plus a good cook of the plain order. It sounds to be exactly the kind of Paradise everyone is looking for, and as the first fifty male members get in at 2 guineas, and the superior sex at a guinea, I should think they will be flooded with applications. I have not had a chance so far to accept my old friend's kind invitation to go and have a hunt and sample all this—but this has been put down on the list of pleasures to come.



*There's  
no use  
talking—  
TASTE IT!*

One hundred and eleven Christmases have come and gone since Mackinlay's first distilled whisky. One hundred and eleven years of existence, of experience and progress are concentrated into every bottle of M.L. or V.O.B. And now, no whisky can convey your wishes more fittingly. In giving Mackinlay's you convey a whole world of greeting. That is why we say—"There's no use talking—TASTE IT."

Both M.L. (which is over twelve years old) and V.O.B. are obtainable in 3, 6 or 12-bottle cases.

**Mackinlay's  
SCOTCH WHISKY**

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, LEITH: and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1  
(Established 1820).



BY APPOINTMENT



# M. HARRIS & SONS



*An early Georgian carved wood CHIMNEYPiece and OVERMANTEL with a Dutch Painting of Still Life by GABRON. Width: 5 ft. 1 in. Height: 8 ft. From the late SIR CHARLES NUGENT'S, WEST HARLING HALL, NORFOLK.*

GENUINE ANTIQUE  
FURNITURE  
AND WORKS OF ART

== OVER 100 ROOMS ==

44 to 52, NEW OXFORD ST  
LONDON W.C.1

## WISE SPENDING *the supreme form of thrift*



No cost or care has been spared to make our Christmas presentation the finest in our history. Still more entrancing designs—still greater perfection of workmanship. Yet Giro asks so little for all the beauty for which nature demands so much. Giro who captured the tender radiance of the Pearl for you, now presents the Diamond's elusive beauty!

Ciro offers you choice jewellery of exquisite elegance—come and choose a Christmas gift she will be delighted to receive and proud to wear.

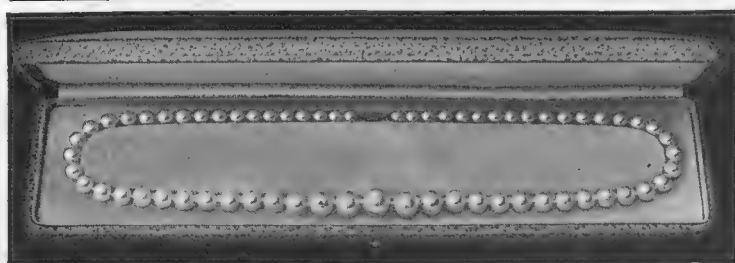
**CIRO'S UNIQUE OFFER** The Necklet illustrated is 16 inches long and costs, complete with real platinum or gold clasp, £1. 1. 0. It, or any jewel shown here or in our catalogues, will be sent post free to be kept and worn for 14 days and compared with real; if any difference is detected we will refund your money in full.

Send for Giro's new free art catalogue No. 8

## Ciro Pearls AND DIAMONDS

48 Old Bond St. 178 Regent St. and 120 Cheapside, London

LEEDS - - - 38 Briggate	BIRMINGHAM - 121 New Street	EDINBURGH - - at Jenners.
DUBLIN - - - at Switzers	BRISTOL - at J. F. Taylors, Ltd.	GLASGOW - 65 Buchanan St.
MANCHESTER - 14 St. Ann's Sq.	LIVERPOOL - 23 Church Street	SHEFFIELD - - 23 Fargate



The marvellous Giro Pearl Necklet with real gold or platinum clasp (complete in velvet and silk lined case) £1. 1. 0. Copyright reserved Giro Pearls Ltd

## WEDDINGS AND



Hay Wrightson  
MISS SUSAN TERROT

The younger daughter of Brigadier C. R. Terrot, D.S.O., and Mrs. Terrot of Flagstaff House, Sialkot, India, who is engaged to Mr. F. H. B. Ingall, 6th D.C.O. Lancers, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingall of Invermark, Limpsfield, Surrey

their marriage at Bolsterstone; another wedding on the 9th is that between Major R. Swire, M.C., and Miss Otta Tarn, which is to be at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness; Mr. W. G. Cass, M.B.E., and Miss Bingley are being married on the 3rd at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington.

## In the Spring.

Early in April, Mr. Walter William Knight, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morgan Knight of Marston Gate, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and Miss Elsie Violet Mary

## Abroad.

Major Arthur Lennox Skinner, Rajputana Rifles, and Miss Helen Russell Gillies, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Don Gillies, have announced their engagement, and the marriage will take place in Bombay at Christmas.

## Next Month.

On December 9, Mr. Joseph Henry Nettlefold and Miss Dorothy Lawrence are to be married quietly at St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate; Mr. R. F. D. Bruce and Miss Dorothy Wilson have fixed the 8th for



Lafayette  
CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. M. SINGER

Who were married on October 31. Captain Charles Morgan Singer, Royal Engineers, is the son of Brig.-General and Mrs. C. W. Singer, and his wife was formerly Miss May Macpherson Sanderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Plumer Sanderson

## ENGAGEMENTS

Gooding, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gooding of Ibrox, Buckhurst Hill, are to be married.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. Harold Elsdale Molson, eldest son of the late Major John Elsdale Molson, R.A.M.C., M.D., T.D., J.P., of Goring Hall, Worthing, and Mrs. Molson of The Pound House, Angmering, and Miss Lila Marion Malkin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Malkin of Southlands, Vancouver, British Columbia; Captain Brian Gabriel Rowley, Royal Signals, and Miss Erica Sylvia

Watson, the only daughter of Commander and Mrs. Watson of Minsted, Midhurst, Sussex; Mr. John Morton Vernon Cotterell, the second son of the late Mr. M. B. Cotterell and Mrs. Richard Bond of Wilmslow, Cheshire, and Miss Barbara Mary Odling, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Odling of Portland Mansions, Brighton; Mr. Kenneth Johnson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Johnson, and Miss Diana Maugham, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Maugham and Lady Maugham.



Lafayette  
MISS RUTH BOWDEN

The daughter of Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., and Mrs. Russell-Young of Bishop's Lodge, Windsor, who is to marry Mr. Christopher Bourchier Wrey, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Castell Wrey of Oxtou, Nottinghamshire



"Only a Cold?"

Stop it right away, before the germs do further harm.

In Formamint, Wulfing Brand, you have a harmless but very effective means of disinfecting your mouth and throat. Formamint, Wulfing Brand, destroys the germs that cause infectious diseases, thus relieving Sore Throat and preventing infectious diseases such as

INFLUENZA,  
DIPHTHERIA,  
SCARLET FEVER, etc.

**FORMAMINT**  
WULFING BRAND

Of all Chemists at 2/6 per bottle.

Made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough.

Buy  
British Soap—

—Preferably  
**WRIGHT'S**  
**COAL TAR**  
**SOAP**

6d. per tablet.



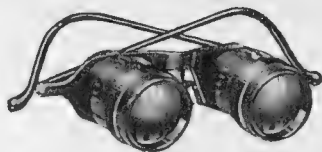
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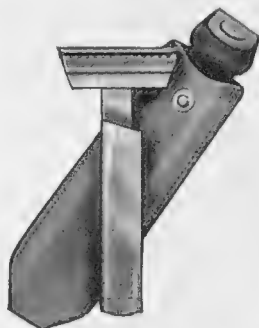
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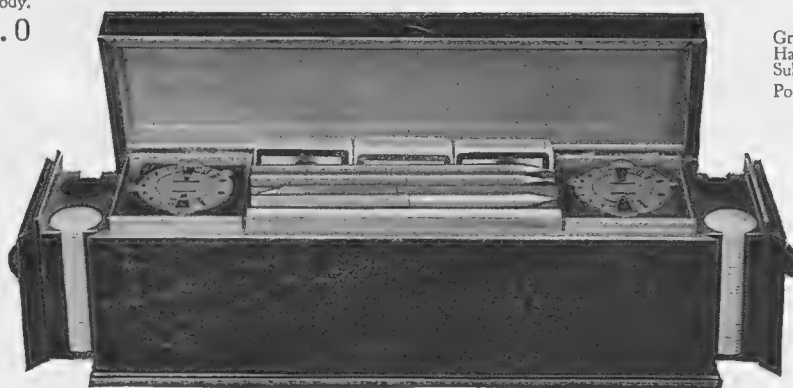
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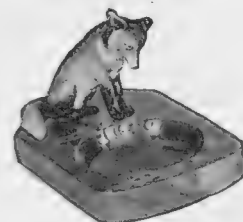
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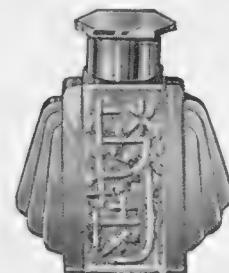
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Here is a fine dry sherry and a rich, mellow port for your Christmas table—selected from our lists.

## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 344

pretty certain that the adroit magicians of the P. S. C. Company (whom I greatly admire if only because they treat steel as though it were lead) will find means of some day eliminating that trifling objection. Probably, however, it is not an objection at all when one has got used to it.

### Splendid Job.

The 16-50 and the famous Snipe are members of the Humber family with whom I have taken every possible opportunity to make myself familiar, for they are so outstandingly good. The third, namely, the Pullman, I had only met once or twice, but the other morning I took the opportunity of improving the acquaintance to my great content. For once in a way I did not even bother about taking the wheel, but with great swank lounged at the back, revelling in most luxurious comfort. I do not care how much you may know about other cars, but I will wager that you find it incredible that a car of this size, finish, performance, and quality can be turned out at the price, £735 is the total figure, and more than that has often been charged for bodywork *alone* that is not a patch on that of the Pullman. This is absolutely up to date in every detail, with special ventilating lights, adjustable *rear* seats, patent sloping division window (which leaves full room for the occasional seats), and most compelling lines. The road performance, especially the springing and braking, is absolutely above criticism, the 1932 model being a big advance over the 1931, for there is brisker acceleration and an even more marked quietness. A truly great car, in every sense of the word, of which Britain has every right to be proud, for, if I mistake not, it is going to enhance our prestige all over the world.

## Motor Notes and News

Armoured cars which have recently been in action on the North-West Frontier in India are a remarkable proof of the quality of British engineering. The cars—fifteen of them—have been undergoing some extremely strenuous work on the exacting hill roads of North-West India.

It is surprising, therefore, to learn that their vintage ranges from 1909-14, and that they have been in continuous use since then. The cars were built by Rolls-Royce, and from 1911-14 most of them were in Mesopotamia. During the War, they all saw service in various ways, and in 1919 they were sent to India for use as armoured cars on the frontier for five years, where they ran at least 6,000 miles per year. It is estimated that each of the cars has covered altogether well over 80,000 miles. A sixteenth car which began its career as an armoured car with the others is now in use as an instructional chassis.

Mr. Butler's comfortable journey to Australia at world's record speed was another argument in favour of using india-rubber in upholstery. There is too much raw rubber in the world, and this is a promising way of reducing stocks. The cushions upon which Mr. Butler sat for nine long days without discomfort were Float-on-Air, the same that were used in Supermarine S 6 B and in the *Blue Bird* and *Miss England II*.

Singer car registrations headed the list of all-British cars in the south island of New Zealand for the month of September. The world-famous Singer is breaking new ground abroad every week, and not only are previous years' sales being upheld but they are being rapidly eclipsed in all quarters.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE'S VISIT TO THE FIRESTONE FACTORY ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD

The Sultan has given enormous sums to the British Government during and since the War, and has lately announced his intention of sacrificing a large proportion of his income in order to assist the British Government during the period of National Economy. From left to right: Mr. W. E. Duck (Managing Director of the Firestone factory at Brentford), the Sultana of Johore, Mrs. D. A. Ross (wife of the General Manager of the Firestone Rubber Plantation in Liberia), the Sultan of Johore, and Mrs. W. E. Duck

# Every World's Car Record made in 1931 was secured on Wakefield Castrol Motor Oil

Have you tried CASTROLLO—the Upper Cylinder Lubricant? It reduces friction, wear and petrol consumption, and is particularly valuable when starting off these cold mornings. A pennyworth is sufficient to treat two gallons of fuel.

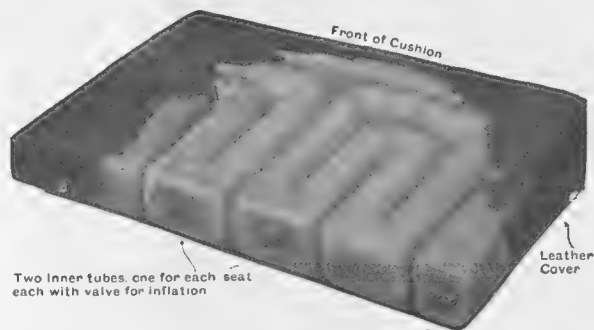
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This is the latest type of cushion. Your car can be converted at no great cost. For example, a double seat, measuring 40 inches from side to side, would cost 52/- to convert from springs to air



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Flight to Australia in 9 days achieved by Mr. Butler in a Comper-Swift fitted with **MOSELEY "FLOAT-ON-AIR"**

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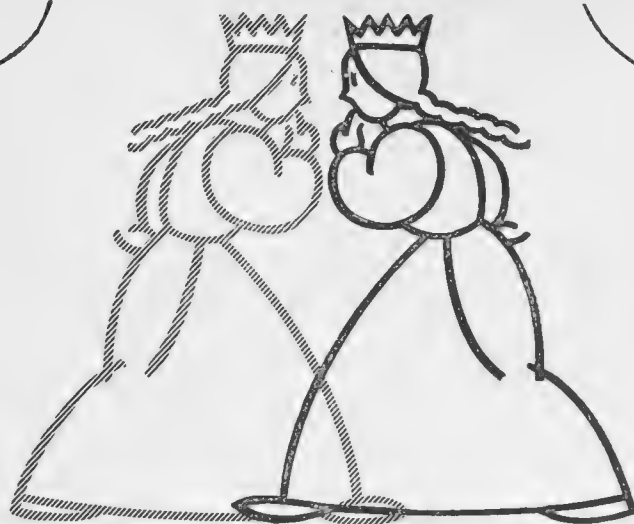
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for the motorist



## The Wife of Good King Wenceslas

Went walking to and fro,  
Deciding on his Christmas gift  
(Though deep and crisp the snow).

She tho't of ties. She tho't of socks  
In most malignant shades,  
And suddenly she tho't of what  
He spent on wafer blades.

And then she vowed a solemn vow  
"Odds Boddikins!" cried she,  
"Now henceforth good King Wenceslas  
Shall ne'er unshaven be."

She palfreyed to a busy shoppe  
Where many kindred souls  
Were choosing Yuletide fancies—and  
She bought her spouse a Rolls!

His Rolls he can both strop and hone,  
Within its gleaming case  
A Rolls that will throughout the years  
Improve his smiling face!

### from a guinea

You can buy a Rolls Razor for 21/- and there are de luxe models ranging to 5½ gns. Also Rolls Soap Bowl, 3/6. Refills, 2/-. Rolls Shaving Cream, 1/3. Model illustrated is in stainless metal with spare blade, selling at 37/6.

## ROLLS RAZOR



Rolls Razor Ltd., London.

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Air M.P.s.

**T**IS self-love that makes the world go round, and I own that my interest in our new Members of Parliament is conditioned by their attitude towards the activity I like most, aviation. Mr. Handley Page, at the Aero Club House dinner, the first to be held in the new Piccadilly premises, pointed out how much those M.P.s who understand flying can help flying and allow flying in turn to help the country. Aeronautical development offers more chances of effecting progressive economy than anything else. Modern industrial efficiency is founded on speed. Take an example. Girls are packing chocolate. The Industrial Psychologist is called in and by means of motion study of the way they use their hands, the way their work is set out, the colour of the tables they work on, the arrangement of the light, the rest periods, he enables them, with less fatigue, to pack three times the weight of chocolate in the same time. In the assembling of carburettors, the folding of cloth and many other things (the classic Gilbreth experiments on brick-laying will be recalled), the Industrial Psychologist has done the same kind of thing. By motion study directed at saving time and preventing waste of energy even in the smallest movements, he has enabled firms at the point of dissolution to sweep ahead to prosperity. The Industrial Psychologist who can do this demands large fees for his work; but he is worth them.

Aviation is to the efficiency of the whole country what the Industrial Psychologist is to the efficiency of the individual firm. In the first instance it is expensive; but it can so increase the country's and the Empire's efficiency that its cost will be paid back ten thousand times over. At this time of need for National economy the right, the constructive method is not to look only at retrenchment, though that has its place, but to look also on what I should call concentrated economy; that economy derived from achieving an improved concentration of effort on the task in hand.

## A Few Names.

Among those who may be trusted to see the important part that flying can play if it is given a chance in rebuilding the country's prosperity, the Prime Minister may be placed first. He not only flies himself, but he has the imagination to see what great advances development could effect. Then there are Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Philip Sassoon, who together, as Secretary of State for Air and Under-Secretary in the Conservative Government, did more to help flying forward than any other two Members in history. Sir Philip, who is himself fast gathering a large fund of practical flying experience as Commanding Officer of No. 601 County of London Squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force, is Under-Secretary for Air in the new Government, so that civil flying will be in his hands. Captain H. H. Balfour is probably still the man with the greatest practical experience of flying in the House, although there is now Wing-Commander A. W. H. James (Member for Northampton), who runs Captain Balfour close. Mr. Lindsay Everard, who is again in

for the Melton Division of Leicestershire, I have often mentioned before as one of flying's most valuable supporters. Mr. O. E. Simmonds is one of the most interesting additions to the new Parliament. He is a man with a technical training who, in the Spartan, proved that he possesses originality of mind. He may be one of the strongest supporters of flying in the House.

That those who support aviation will have things all their own way is disproved by the analysis of the Members' professions made by Professor Laski. Professor Laski states that there are forty-three soldiers and sailors in the new Parliament, so that the Air Force is scarcely as strongly represented as the older services. But among those soldiers and sailors there are many who are supporters of flying, Admiral Murray Sueter, to mention only one. Whether aviation can look for support from lawyers and business men, of whom there is a total of 247, will remain to be seen. Not a great deal can be hoped from the bankers and financiers, of whom there are forty-seven. A fellow feeling prompts me to say that aviation can look for whole-hearted support from the journalists and brewers, of whom there are twenty in the present House.



AT HANWORTH: MR. R. L. PRESTON  
AND MISS PITCAIRN

Mr. R. L. Preston is in the Coldstream, and this snapshot was taken during the trials of the German "tail-first" aeroplane. Mr. Preston is hon. secretary to the Household Brigade Flying Club, in whose formation some years ago he played a leading part

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is offered you as a half panelled Saloon of particularly distinguished appearance with a performance unequalled by cars of more than double its price!

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writes

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

A first edition of "The Works of Max Beerbohm," published in 1896, and signed by the author, with illustrations and comments which he added in June this year, will be an interesting feature of a sale at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, on Tuesday, December 1 (opening, 11.30 a.m.). This book is one of 200, most of them signed first editions, which have been contributed by their authors in aid of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Lungs. The list includes Dean Inge, G. K. Chesterton, Noel Coward, Hilaire Belloc, Evelyn Waugh, Upton Sinclair, Philip Guedalla, Joseph Hergesheimer, E. F. Benson, R. C. Sherriff, Rudyard Kipling, John van Druten, Eden Phillpotts, Compton Mackenzie, A. P. Herbert, Richard Aldington, and many others. With the assurance that the books have been given fixed reasonable prices, the sale should be in the nature of a boon to those worried by the Christmas present problem. Admission to the sale is free.

The Bradley Dramatic Society will present *A Damsel in Distress*, by Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse, at the Century Theatre on Friday and Saturday next, the 27th and 28th at 8 p.m. Tickets can be obtained of the Secretary, Bradley Dramatic Society, Chepstow Place, W.2.

In order to raise funds for its animal dispensaries throughout the country, which now number sixty-eight, the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, of which the Prince of Wales is Patron, is holding a two days' Christmas Market in the Albert Hall on November 24 and 25. The Market is to be opened by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke on the first day, and by Lady (Neville) Pearson on the second. A strong Empire note is being struck at the Market. At it will take place the stirring of the "Prince of Wales' Empire Christmas Pudding," the first stir being given by the new Lord Mayor of London. Among the prizes

offered in the various competitions to be held in connection with the Market, one of which will be an "unconventional" dog show with awards for the dog with the most soulful eyes, the dog with the longest tail, and the "biggest mongrel," are a first-class return ticket to Paris, a flight over London for two, a course at the Paris Academy of Dressmaking, a course of riding lessons, a month's tuition in foreign languages, and a permanent hair wave.

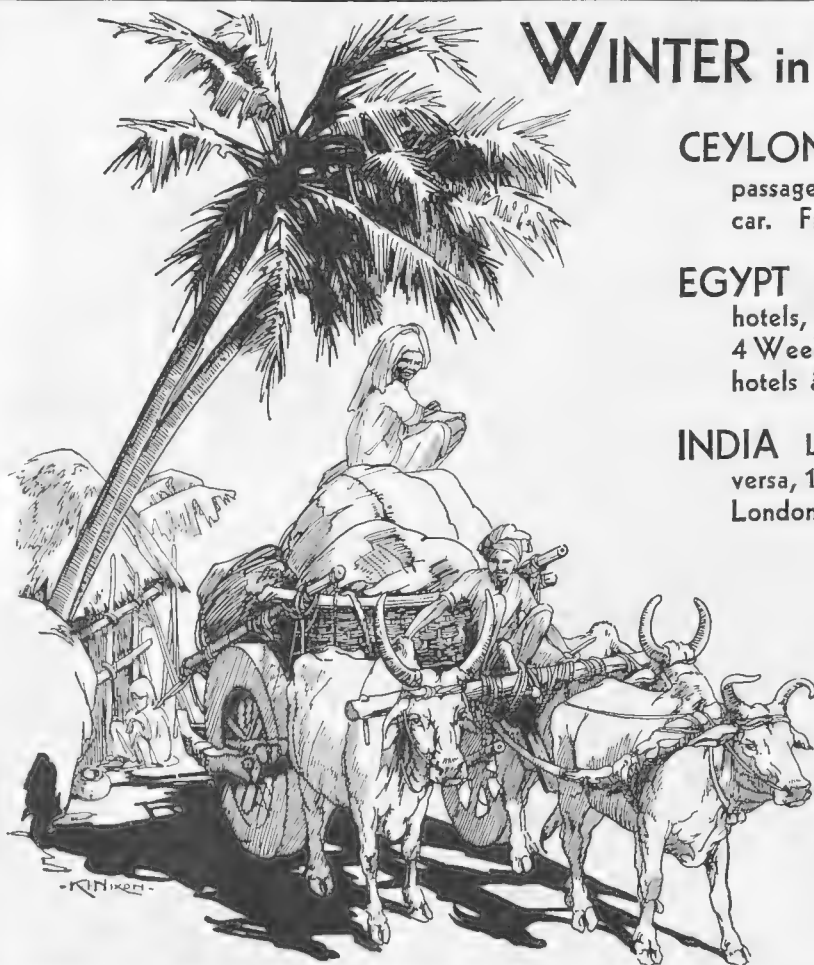
On November 12, Sir Edward Elgar, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, inaugurated the finest gramophone recording studios in the world by playing and recording "Falstaff Suite." These new studios have been built by the Gramophone Company, Ltd., and are believed to be the only premises of their size in existence especially built for gramophone recording.

The site of the premises, which is centrally situated in Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, has been specially chosen in order that interference and vibration from railways and heavy transport will not affect the recording. The brick walls of the three recording studios have a minimum thickness of 13½ in., and are so constructed that there can be no possible interference from outside noises, nor will the sound from one studio interfere with the others. The three studios have been placed so that corridors and rooms separate them; it is therefore possible to hold recording sessions in each studio at any one time. A separate recording-room is built adjacent to each studio and each one houses two complete recording outfits, so that it is possible for the performance of each artist to be immediately reproduced without using the commercial wax. A control room is situated centrally for the three studios so that at any moment they can all be linked together for any recording and the performances in each studio can all be merged together on a single record. A special room is also provided for the transferring of records; that is for the preparation of composite records of the Alder-shot Tattoo type.



HASTINGS CASTLE

The beautiful old ruin not far from Fairlight Glen, which overlooks yet another south coast town which ought to attract the Buy Britishers, for it is a charming and well-sheltered spot both winter and summer. And following the lead given by Royalty, and with the rate of exchange against foreign travel, many people in the habit of wintering abroad are this year staying at home, and there are plenty of charming places on offer. Hastings is one of them. It is one of the sunniest spots on the south coast. The series of winter concerts at the White Rock Pavilion, given by the Municipal Orchestra, provides its visitors with some of the best music to be heard in this country. And they are also building a Lido and a bathing pool



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EASTBOURNE, sheltered by Beachy Head and the South Downs, has a delightfully mild climate, and holds the highest sunshine records. Its attractions include the provision of good music, a magnificent Winter Garden, frequent Concerts by world-famed artistes, Theatre, Concert Pavilions, a fine pier, first-class cinemas, sea-water and Turkish baths, three golf courses, etc. Guide free from Dept. C.T., Information Bureau, Eastbourne.

BEXHILL & COODEN BEACH, sunny and bracing, is a select, modern residential resort with excellent hotels, and splendid schools; pure water, free from chalk, and a high record for the health-giving ultra-violet rays. It has three well-known Golf courses, fox and hare hunting and coursing, hard tennis courts, sea-fishing. Guide free from Dept. C.T., Town Clerk, Bexhill-on-Sea.

SEAFORD, which nestles in the South Downs, appeals to those seeking a restful or sporting holiday. Its air is extremely pure, evidence of its healthiness being the many boarding schools in the district. There are two fine golf courses, much favoured for winter play. Guide free from Dept. C.T., Chamber of Commerce, Seaford.

### GET THERE QUICKLY BY RAIL

SOUTHERN RAILWAY BEST EXPRESSES (Weekdays) are:

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From Charing Cross, 8.40, 10.25 a.m., 3.25, 4.18 (N.S.), 5.20 (S.O.), 7.18 p.m. From Cannon Street, 1.4 (S.O.), 5.4 (N.S.), 6.0 (N.S.) p.m.

To SEAFORD and EASTBOURNE. From Victoria, 11.15 a.m., 1.20, 3.15, 5.20, 6.40 p.m. From London Bridge, 5.5 p.m. (N.S.)

N.S.—Not Sats. S.O.—Sats. only.

"HOLIDAY" Tickets issued every Friday and Sunday (also Saturdays by L M S)

and WEEK-END Tickets every Friday, Saturday and Sunday (any train).

Return fares from London—1st 17/9, 3rd 10/9, (Seaford—1st 16/6, 3rd 10/-).

"WINTER RESORT" Tickets (available 1 month) issued any day, any train.

ENQUIRE OF LOCAL STATION MASTER FOR OTHER FARES, TRAIN SERVICES, ETC.

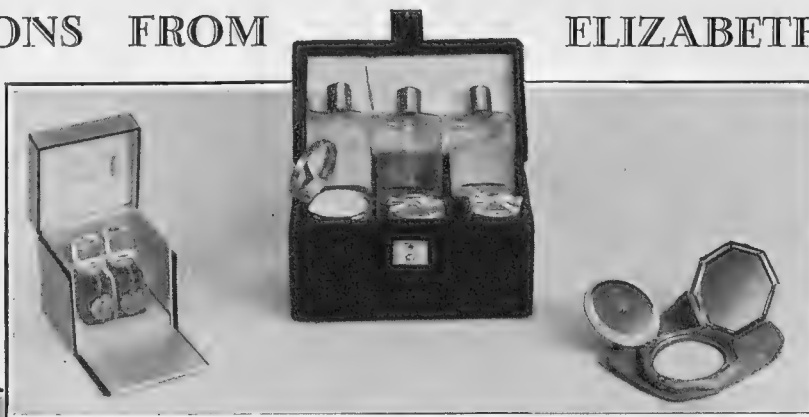
## SUGGESTIONS FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN

## Gifts of Loveliness.

"The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it." A delightful thought—to be echoed by every woman who finds herself in the midst of the beauty of an Elizabeth Arden salon, 25, Old Bond Street, W. Every article represents something she desires to possess—something she is proud to give her friends for Christmas! There are beauty boxes filled with the loveliness that every woman longs for; and there are single octagonal Ardenettes, with case for loose powder, for 12s. 6d.; double, with rouge and unbreakable chromium leather, 17s. 6d.; in black and silver, single, 17s. 6d.; and double, 21s.

## Perfumes that are Different.

And among Elizabeth Arden's perfumes, which symbolize in fragrant loveliness the most beautiful of human relationships and moods, are Mon Amie Elizabeth, the perfect gift of a friend to a friend; l'Amour d'Elizabeth, the glory of love expressed in fragrance; le Rêve d'Elizabeth, the perfume of dreams, rich and subtle—a perfume that is irresistible on furs; and la Joie d'Elizabeth.



Fascinating varieties—all the gay, frivolous accessories that it is such fun to buy for a friend and so hard not to keep for oneself—are to be encountered in Elizabeth Arden's salons, 25, Old Bond Street. There are beauty boxes, Ardenette's perfumes, and a host of luxuries for the bath

## The Lipstick Ensemble.

Thanks to Elizabeth Arden, women can wear colours they never wore before, as she has perfected a lipstick ensemble; it comprises six smooth, really indelible lipsticks in six indispensable shades. To wear the modish colours successfully, every one is needed. She will send to all readers of this article a particularly interesting brochure showing Rodier's new colours, together with the shades of her lipsticks, and then, there are bath luxuries.

## Bags for All Occasions.

In Elizabeth Arden's salons are bags for day-time fashioned in leather or tweed, formal bags of finest antelope, suède, or velvet, evening bags made from precious pieces of old brocade. Again, there is the ideal accessory for travelling, as it combines handbag and beauty case. The bag itself is pleasantly capacious, well fitted, and has a detachable flap holding just those refreshing preparations needed on a journey. The loop handle is very convenient, and prevents any fear of the bag accidentally opening.



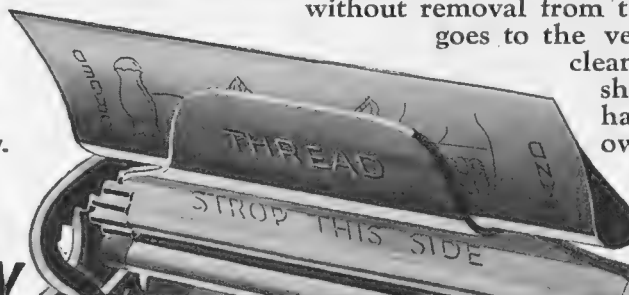
Mr. C. H. Willi, of 40, Baker Street, W.1, the well-known Pioneer in Plastic Cosmetic Surgery, said in a recent lecture in which he introduced a number of treated cases that "if the Public knew of the miraculous results which he achieves in making the face permanently beautiful in a few days, his Consulting Rooms would be stormed." Mr. Willi is here seen restoring the facial beauty of a well-known London Actress, by his new electric method. Free consultations are given.

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because it is the only blade capable of taking and maintaining a perfect shaving edge. The hollow ground blade in the new Wilkinson Safety Razor is accurately and positively stropped in a few seconds and without removal from the razor frame. This razor goes to the very root of the problem of clean, quick and economical shaving. Buy one now and have the remedy in your own hands every morning.

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FRANKLIN DYALL  
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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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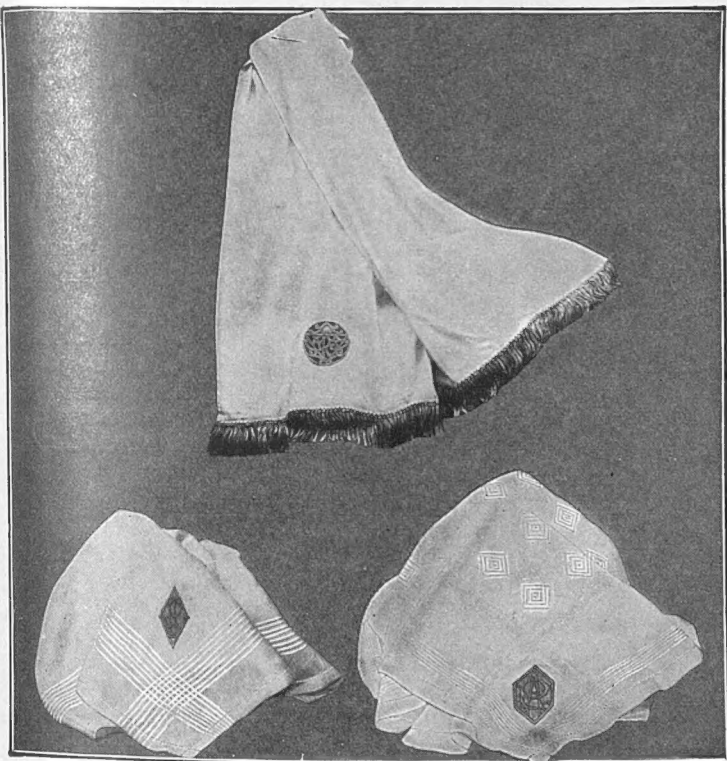
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TO H.M. THE KING.

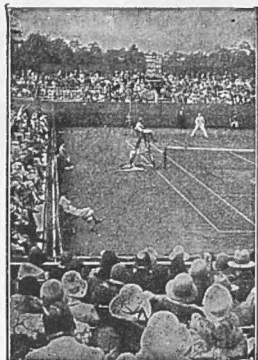
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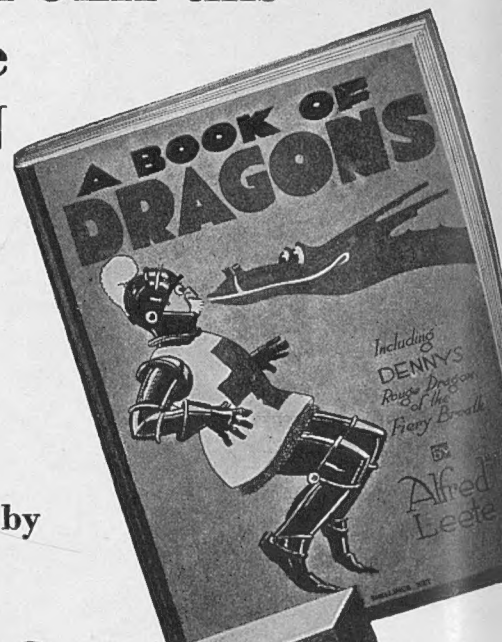


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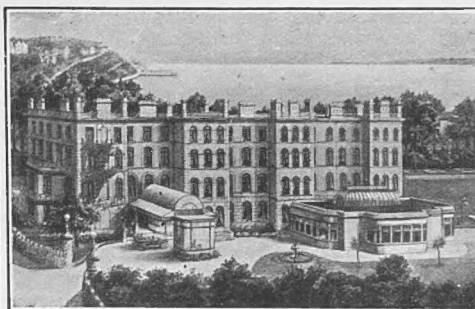
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